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Peregrine Worsthorne

PASSION AND POLITICS IN AMERICA
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Of Plebs & Patricians
Luigi Barzini, Jr.
on
ITALY AND ITS ARISTOCRACY

THE BIRD MAN : *J. Maclaren-Ross*
THE CASE OF THE LITVINOV DIARY : *Bertram D. Wolfe*
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ENCOUNTER

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This Month's *ENCOUNTER:*—

THE "NEW CONSERVATISM"

How many men make a movement? We have heard a great deal, both in England and America, about the "conservative revival" in politics, which is supposedly the latest thing in intellectual circles. Yet, when one looks into the matter, this revival is not so easy to recognise. There are, it is true, a handful of books by a handful of writers that can be said to represent it—or, at any rate, that *are* said to represent it. Yet this small collection hardly makes so clear-cut an impression on the disinterested observer. Both Mr. Walter Lippmann and Professor Michael Oakeshott, for example, are included in it. But Mr. Lippmann has been writing books with the same general theme as his recent *The Public Philosophy* for considerably more than a quarter of a century—it is difficult to see how he exemplifies a "revival." Professor Oakeshott, on the other hand, has written no books at all on political subjects; and if it is his various essays and prefaces that are meant, one can only wonder how many people, either within the "conservative revival" or outside it, have pursued them to the learned journals and scholarly editions wherein they reside. Mr. Lippmann, for one, seems not to have done so.

What else is there that one can point to? Professor Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* created something of a stir in America —but it certainly sold far fewer copies than, say, Elmer Davis's *For We Were Born Free*, to take a fairly typical liberal volume; and a good many of those who are identified as "new conservatives" have hastened to disassociate themselves from it, deploring what they regard as its essentially romantic bias. In England, meanwhile, Professor Kirk's book caused only a ripple.

The whole business is further complicated by the fact that, if there is a conservative revival, it must be organised on quite exclusive and esoteric lines, since many people spend a good deal of time and energy explaining that they are *not* part of it. Mr. Henry Fairlie has distinguished between "traditional" conservatives and radical-libertarian conservatives, locating himself—after Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge—among the latter, and not even bothering to identify the former. No doubt, we shall in the future be informed of further and finer divisions, until one is bound to wonder whether there is anything left; or, indeed, whether anything was there in the first place.

Nevertheless, we have considerable faith in people's sensibilities, and if so many have the impression that a conservative revival is going on, something must be happening, no matter how imprecise its features or intangible its principles. We would, however, suggest that the concept of a "revival" may be misleading, conveying as it does the notion that specific people have set out, in a backwards direction, to recover specific things. Rather, what seems to us to be taking place is a reorientation of political thinking that cuts across the older party lines and ideological identifications, and for which the word "conservative" is not entirely apt. This reorientation does, it is true, involve a certain measure of "returning to the sources" and of quoting writers (Burke, Bagehot, John Adams) who were relatively neglected in the past couple of decades. But this is surely its most trivial aspect: all renaissances discover neglected authorities and sages, for the human mind needs reassurance whenever it ventures along a new path. And no one could say, in all fairness, that this reorientation—insofar as it is discernible—has as its aim to glorify the *status quo*. On the contrary, it is a restless and dissatisfied tendency, not a smug one.

It seems to us that what is happening is that events, once thought to be transparent in their significance, have become intractable to the understanding; and principles, once regarded as for all practical purposes self-evident, have become tantalisingly obscure. We are moved to this reflection by Peregrine Worsthorne's essay in the current issue on

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"Democracy *v.* Liberty?". Mr. Worsthorne freely confesses to being a young conservative, who, when at Cambridge in 1941 and 1945, was influenced by Professor Oakeshott; and, since he is on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, he can claim almost a professional standing. But what struck us most forcefully about his article was not at all its conservatism, but rather its freshness. Here was a subject—"free elections"—which has been much to the fore, and which has given rise to certain perplexities; and here was the first article we had seen which made a serious effort to get to the root of these perplexities and resolve them—in principle, if not in practice. We do not say we agree with Mr. Worsthorne: it is really too early for final agreement or disagreement, since he has only begun the discussion, and we intend to publish other articles on this subject that will inevitably take very different views of it. But we are grateful to him, and to the "new conservatism" for having opened the question—surely an unconventional rôle for "conservatism" to play!

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS:—

LUIGI BARZINI, JR., one of Italy's foremost journalists, is on the staff of Milan's *Corriere Della Sera*. His article on Formosa, "Island of Memories," appeared in our September issue. . . . EMILY HAHN, as she insists in her article, did not go to South Africa in order to survey "The Situation" there. She was, rather, diamond-hunting—that is to say, pursuing information about diamonds, on which she is writing a book. She reports with regret that, though everyone was helpful in the extreme, no one thought to give her a glittering sample. . . . BERTRAM D. WOLFE is a leading American authority on Soviet affairs. His book, *Three Who Made A Revolution*, a composite biography of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin in the pre-Revolutionary period, is recognised as being a classic study. The fact that it has not found an English publisher is one of those mysteries of publishing that will always be inscrutable to the layman. . . . DANIEL BELL is lecturer in sociology at Columbia University and labour editor of *Fortune* magazine. His essay, "Notes on Work," appeared in our June 1954 issue. He is now putting the finishing touches to a book on American socialism, and has just edited *The New American Right*, a collection of essays by historians and sociologists, published by Criterion Press in New York. His article in this issue is a revised version of his preface to the latter book. . . . DAVID SYLVESTER, who writes on both films and art for ENCOUNTER, also acts as our editorial adviser in both these fields. . . . ANDREW FORGE is a painter and teaches at the Slade School of Fine Art. . . . G. N. S. RAGHAVAN is on the staff of the *Indian Express* in New Delhi. . . . BURNS SINGER, one of the most talented of England's younger poets, is having a book of poems published by Secker and Warburg in the coming year. . . . RICHARD SELIG is a young American poet now studying at Oxford.

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Peregrine Worsthorne

Democracy *v.* Liberty?

WHEN a country's future is in dispute, Western public opinion usually suggests that free elections should settle the question. This comprehensive enthusiasm, for settling territories in dispute by putting the question to the people themselves, is nothing new. After the First World War, the same principle enjoyed a disastrous vogue; but then it was a question of allowing each ethnic group to set up shop on its own, if it so chose. Today, free elections are to decide whether or not the countries concerned are to live under Communist governments. The revolutionary implications of asserting that the people, let alone the transient majority of the people, have the "right" to decide an issue of this dimension, should be obvious to anyone. Unfortunately, they are not.

Until very recently, Western public opinion has been prepared to leave the whole subject to the diplomatists. If the Foreign Ministers liked to produce a plan containing a clause promising free elections, who were we to quarrel? In any case, it always seemed a sensible enough arrangement, because in each case the West had every reason to anticipate an overwhelming Communist defeat.

There has, it is true, been no example to date of a people freely choosing Communism. The Germans would certainly reject it and so would the Koreans. There seemed, therefore, no good reason for examining the propriety of asking peoples to choose between Communist and Western parties. In other words, since in the struggle between Communism and democracy, free elections seem always likely to serve the latter and defeat the former, why make difficulties for ourselves by anticipating defeats that are unlikely to occur?

The answer is now quite simple. The difficulties have arisen and in an acute form. Next year in Indo-China the Geneva agreements commit Great Britain to a policy of holding free elections which will almost certainly produce an overwhelming Communist victory. It is possible, of course, to disallow the result by arguing that the voting will not be free. But why should Ho Chi-minh rig an election which he is likely to win anyhow? Most independent observers are convinced that, given the choice, a majority of Vietnamese will freely vote for the Communist régime. Under the Geneva agreement, Britain is pledged to provide this free choice. Not only are we pledged to go forward with an election which almost certainly will result in a Communist victory, but we are also pledged to oppose any action by the anti-Communist minority to reverse by violence the verdict of the majority. To put it in another way, the defenders of democracy, by proclaiming their faith in the will of the people, find themselves compelled by the logic of their doctrine to act as a midwife of tyranny.

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ANY attempt to escape from the horns of this dilemma immediately lands us in an equally uncomfortable position. For how can we justify any reversal of the will of the people, freely expressed in general elections, without repudiating our faith in democracy? Does not democracy mean government most clearly in line with the people's will? If Western pressure led to the rule of Mr. Diem, the present non-Communist aspirant, his government would be a minority government, acting in defiance of the popular will. To sum up, the Western democracies would appear to have reached a position in Indo-China where the only way to prevent a Communist victory is to deny the right of the people to choose their own government.

It may be objected, of course, that it is absurd to diagnose a fissure in our democratic faith from an impending crisis in Indo-China. Indo-China, after all, is still little better than a colonial area, and the colonial powers have never allowed their disinclination to grant popular sovereignty in their dependencies to undermine their theoretical belief in popular sovereignty at home. Let us, then, take an example nearer home.

It is perfectly possible that at the next general election in Italy a combination of Communist and Nenni-Socialist supporters will elect a Communist government. The will of the people, allowed free choice, after a campaign in which both sides are allowed full facilities for propaganda, may plump for Communist dictatorship. What should be the reactions of an Italian democrat? Would the Christian Democratic Party be justified in staging a *coup d'état* to reverse the election results? Would British public opinion support such a move? The British government would no doubt be relieved that Italy had not passed behind the Iron Curtain, but *The Times* would probably thunder that the cause of democracy had suffered a grievous blow. So, in one sense, it would have. But would we need to worry? Are we in fact committed to underwriting democracy in this particular sense?

The purpose of this article is to suggest that Western public opinion imagines itself to be dedicated to a political principle, popular sovereignty, which it has never really believed in at all. The use of the word "democracy" as a pawn in diplomacy has debased its true meaning and led to a dangerous confusion. Because it has served the national interest to pretend that peoples enjoy an absolute right to choose a democratic form of government, we find ourselves committed to the wholly different thesis that they enjoy an absolute right to choose tyranny, if they so desire. Because, in countries where the outcome was likely to be a liberal victory, it has sometimes been diplomatically expedient to pretend that we believe in the absolute right of peoples to choose whatever form of government they prefer, we find ourselves committed to a democratic heresy which in our national tradition we have fought hard to escape.

WE TAKE our political beliefs so much for granted, think about them so little, that they have grown soft and muzzy. This must always be the case when jargon replaces thought. Admittedly, so far as our own political arrangements are concerned, a profound political instinct sifts the true from the false. But in relating our political principles to situations outside our own national experience, the instinct falters.

The current pretence that free elections, which are only a political mechanism, can legitimately determine the ultimate ends of society, suggests a dangerous confusion in the public mind about the limitations of popular sovereignty. Although political instinct and tradition protect our own body politic from this confusion, it is not such a long step from advocating heresy abroad to countenancing heresy at home. The truth is that the dilemma which the Indo-Chinese elections will shortly pose for us, a dilemma that is inherent in all free elections where Communist majorities are likely to emerge, only arises if we burden ourselves with a political theory which in practice, in our own history, we have always shunned like the plague. The problem of elections where a Communist victory is likely, therefore, does not challenge

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our political beliefs: it simply challenges our muddled thinking.

In any attempt to clarify our minds about the Anglo-American political tradition, the first essential is to differentiate between liberalism and democracy. This is not to say, of course, that liberalism and democracy are necessarily different, but simply that they are not necessarily the same. Democracy is about *who* should rule and implies rule of the people, based on the rule of the majority of equals. Liberalism is about *how* people should rule, and the liberal principles of respect for minorities, freedom of speech and of religion, have nothing to do with the theory of democracy as such.

It only takes a very slight knowledge of the history of the two most successful democracies, Britain and the United States, to realise that the basis of their liberties was firmly established before the democratic idea of government by the people—to be distinguished from the liberal theory of government by the consent of the people—captured the popular imagination. As Mr. Walter Lippmann has recently recalled, the Bill of Rights (1689) is more than two centuries older than universal suffrage in Great Britain. "The enfranchised people did not establish the rule that all powers are under the law, that laws must be made, amended, and administered by due processes, that a legitimate government must have the consent of the governed." These beliefs were not willed by the people; they were evolved through the rational argument of a relatively small section of each society. They were not chosen by the many, but were constructed, slowly, painfully by the few.

ALTHOUGH the Founders of the American Constitution refer to "We, the people of the United States," who ordain and establish the Constitution, the "We" were, of course, only a few handful of wise and wealthy aristocrats. The Constitution, once it had been drawn up in this way, was approved by some five per cent of the whole American population of the day. It is surely significant that the man who enunciated the immortal formula of the Declaration of Independence—that, in order to secure all men their equal right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed"—should not have thought for a moment that the validity of this formula itself depended on the consent of the governed. They believed it right, not because the people willed it, but because they, searching their consciences, approved it themselves. It is also significant that the American people, generation after generation, allowed the same constitution, whose origins owed nothing to the popular will, to govern their lives and curb their passions.

The basic political principle established by the American Constitution, in short, was not popular sovereignty but the very different principle of government by consent. Popular consent makes the exercise of executive power dependent on popular approval. Popular sovereignty makes the popular will the source and origin of executive power, dependent on and responsible to nobody but itself. Just how little effect the theory of popular sovereignty has had in the United States can perhaps be illustrated best by noting the docility with which majorities have repeatedly allowed the Supreme Court to set aside their desires. In France, however, where the theory of popular sovereignty really did take hold, all attempts to introduce the theory of legal guardianship were laughed to scorn.

A history of the evolution of parliament also illustrates how the theory of consent, while not in practice conferring sovereignty on the people, gradually enlarged the field of public liberty. It was not originally a question of political theory but of practical necessity. Royal dependence on parliament was not the result of any theoretical belief in the rights of the governed. It was because the knights of the shires had the essential means—money and men—without which the King could not act. Their consent was a practical necessity. There was always the onus therefore on the governors to win the consent of the governed. Out of this balanced relationship sprang

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British liberties. What it did not do, of course, was to settle the question of where ultimate sovereignty resides or ought to reside. But it is surely the supreme virtue of the Anglo-American political tradition that this mischievous question has never been settled, because it is never raised. After the Royal abuse of the theory that power comes from God, the Anglo-American tradition has tended to evade the issue of sovereignty altogether and to concentrate, as Lord Percy has wisely observed, rather on the purpose of government authority and on the limits within which it can be justly exercised.

THE difference between the theory of consent and the theory of popular sovereignty explains the difference between totalitarian democracy (or Jacobinism) and the free institutions under which we live. Unlike the Anglo-American tradition of democracy, which has always in the last resort shirked the issue of sovereignty—talk about sovereignty made Benjamin Franklin "quite sick"—the theory of the democratic state as created in 1789 is, to quote again from Lord Percy,

> solely the assertion of a dogma about the origin of political authority; its practice solely a demonstration that the dogma can be translated into action. The dogma is that, in any state, the lawful authority to govern is the exclusive and inalienable possession of the whole body of citizens, by virtue of a consent which each is assumed to have given in the past; the demonstration is that an all-embracing citizen body can, in practice, be created which will, in fact, possess a united will to govern and be able to express that will.

Now if such a body can be created, and can express its united will, the whole idea of government by consent dissolves into mere irrelevance. For if a body reflects the will of everyone, to make it dependent on the consent of everyone is tautological. The consent must be assumed. Just as King Charles I argued that, given the fact that he was sovereign, his accusers had no conceivable justification, so it is impossible to conceive of the people *not* giving their consent to an edict emanating from a body expressing the general will. Running through all the mystical clap-trap of Robespierre, St. Just, Lenin, and Stalin is the elemental refrain: "The people are sovereign; we represent the people; if you disagree with us, you cannot be of the people and therefore you have no place in a democratic society and can be guillotined or liquidated as the case may be." Here is the root cause of democratic tyranny; the master heresy.

With the happy pragmatism of the Anglo-Saxon, most Englishmen have not felt any very pressing need to give this Jacobin doctrine of the general will more than cursory examination. "It just couldn't work in practice, so why argue about the theory," has been the attitude. Until very recently, the theory of the general will, although open to innumerable theoretical objections, has fallen down in the popular mind through its obvious impracticability. How could you ever find out what everyone is thinking of any particular issue in a society numbering many millions of people? It might be all very well in a Greek City State, but in Britain or in the United States the very idea was absurd. Anglo-Saxons always prefer to object to ideas on practical grounds if they possibly can. It is so much easier and so much more final. It is, however, a dangerous indulgence. In any argument, a man who has, so to speak, a practical joker up his sleeve, will allow his opponent to take every trick but the last one. As a result, on the question of direct democracy and the general will, it is popularly assumed that we would like to put it into operation, if we could, and only refrain from doing so because it is impracticable. Today, however, as a result of the many inventions of modern technology, direct democracy could now be realised, as Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn has shown, in large as well as small nations. It would be perfectly feasible to install television sets in every house, to televise the deliberations of the House of Commons, and, through a device of electronics, to register every man's vote at Westminster simultaneously. In this way it would be quite easy to harness the general will with current policies and legislation. We do not adopt

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these proceedings, not because they are impracticable, but because our political instincts tell us they are contrary to our political tradition and principles. Modern technology, in short, by making it possible for mass societies to discover the general will, also makes it impossible for us to continue pretending that we approve of the theory. To maintain that a thesis is true in the abstract and untrue in the concrete is pure double-talk.

BECAUSE people enjoy the blessings of parliamentary government while imagining themselves to be living under a system of popular sovereignty, they have failed to appreciate the source of their blessings and, more important, have failed to notice from where the threat to those blessings is most likely to spring. It is, therefore, highly valuable to remind ourselves that our political tradition, because it does not stand or fall on the popular will, is not weakened or invalidated by examples of the popular will leading to tyranny. Universal suffrage, in both the United States and in Great Britain, is a brake on executive power, it is the watchdog of liberty and not the inspiration of executive action or the source of liberty. While crucial to the preservation of liberty in the former rôle, there is no justification either in history or logic to assume that the popular will is likely to have any value in the latter. In politics, as in mechanics, a confusion between the brake and the accelerator would be disastrous.

Before the advent of universal franchise, it was less easy to be confused about the rôle played by the people in the Anglo-American system of government. Clearly, if only a small percentage of the people had the vote, one could not talk about the sovereignty of the people. But with the development of universal franchise, it has become only too easy to exaggerate the true place of the popular will in the Anglo-American system of government. All too often, after elections, victorious politicians declare that "the people have spoken." In fact, one of the most widespread confusions of political jargon is that between a transient majority and "the people." Because the people are never the same from one day to the next (some will have died and others been born), let alone from one year to the next, it is sheer demagoguery to pretend that the desires of the people can ever be truly ascertained. As a justification of political action, therefore, the will of the people is always highly suspect. It is either a clever conjuring trick by which a plurality of voters are wrongly invested with the people's authority—this is the democratic heresy—or, in the sense usually used by conservative propagandists, it is a mystical reference to a partnership, as Burke put it, "not only between those who are living, but also with those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Whatever else such a partnership may do, it clearly cannot exercise political sovereignty. The obvious difficulty of fitting the concept of "the people" into political arrangements without allowing its very vagueness to tilt the balance towards either the tyranny of tradition or of change should warn us against entrusting liberty to its safe keeping.

POPULAR orators often assume, writes Mr. Lippmann, "that the mass of the people voted their own liberties. But the fact is that they acquired the vote after they had acquired the liberties," largely because their inability to vote was felt by free men to be incompatible with their equal dignity. Democracy in England, in short, is not so much a question of liberty as of equality, not so much a question of politics as of sociology. It does not in itself make people freer; it makes them feel freer. But this refinement only became possible in Britain and America when liberal government had become such a habit that the voters could be relied upon to maintain it. Anglo-American democracy, as we know it today, is a flower whose roots lie deep in three centuries of liberal soil. The total absence of liberty in Russia springs from the attempt to skip the liberal stage between feudalism and modern industrial society. Communism is not the corruption of democracy, but the raw spirit undiluted by the cool waters of liberal experience. Liberalism

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is the father of Anglo-American democracy, not democracy the father of Anglo-American liberalism. With different ancestry, democracy inherits different characteristics.

It is perhaps hardly necessary nowadays to point out the obvious truth that democracy which, by itself, in isolation, is concerned only with the question of who should be vested with ruling authority, can and often is highly illiberal. In practice, self-government often means, not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest. Fifty-one per cent of a nation can establish a totalitarian régime, suppress minorities, and still remain democratic. Hitler came to power through democratic procedures, and Senator McCarthy's appeal was to the "right" of the majority to curtail the liberties of the few.

But if democracy, which simply means government according to the will of the people, can be illiberal, autocracy can, of course, be liberal; just as majorities can be unjust, so minorities and even one man can be, and often have been, just. The point to notice is that there is nothing necessarily liberal about democracy, and nothing necessarily democratic about liberalism. Democracy, as a system of government, is concerned with the question of who should be vested with the freedom of the individual, regardless of who carries on the government. It is possible, therefore, indeed it is all too easy, for a democratic government, acting in accordance with the will of the governed, to outrage every virtue in the liberal catechism. Once it is recognised that liberalism and democracy can be contradictory, the importance of keeping these two political concepts separate needs no further underlining.

WHAT I am saying, of course, is that liberalism presupposes the existence of natural law, rational and ascertainable.* It is above the will of all rulers, be they kings, nobles, or the people. There can, therefore, be no divine right of the people which elevates the popular will into something above the natural law. Although this is a truism, its implications are nevertheless often overlooked. If the people have no right to govern as they wish but only as they ought, this means in practice that democracy is only a viable system of government when those practising it accept this particular limitation.

Unless, therefore, a country is either "born free, without having to become so," as Tocqueville saw the United States had the unique good fortune to be, or, like Britain, arrived at democratic freedom by passing through an apprenticeship of liberal aristocracy, its struggle for "self-government" may end up in dictatorship. Because democratic theory prevents any frank recognition that some group of educated or literate leaders at the head of a new nation must give the orders, these same leaders, nurtured on the pure milk of democratic doctrine, are forced to pretend to themselves and their followers that they are acting as the spokesman of the popular will. Once this fiction is adopted, the rot sets in. The literate élite, having convinced themselves that they represent the people, accept no limitations on their power. For to do so would be undemocratic, and above all things they want to be democratic. The illiterate masses, hoodwinked by a mass of propaganda disguised as information, upon which they are theoretically expected to form their democratic decisions, give their consent to everything that is proposed. This travesty is taking place all over Asia. We deplore it, of course. But do we ever reflect that we are responsible, and that the more we urge the Asians to become democratic, the more this pattern will be repeated?

For nothing is more inimical to freedom than an experiment in democracy before the necessary preconditions have been fulfilled. It gives the élite, who are in power because there is no alternative, both an excuse and an encouragement to pretend that their right to govern rests on something far more substan-

* Of course everyone can, theoretically, interpret natural law differently and in their own interests. That is why liberalism is only likely to work in a society where interpretations of natural law are determined by shared religious and ethical principles.

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tial than their ability to read and write when their followers can do neither. Instead, therefore, of justifying their power on their superior merits, they claim a fictitious democratic mandate which allows them to exercise unfettered power with a free conscience. The democratic theory, in short, by precluding aristocratic tutelage, paves the way for popular tyranny.

The most hopeful thing about a country like India today is that, in fact, India is governed by a liberal aristocrat who openly behaves like one. Mr. Nehru, educated at Harrow, has no nonsense with democracy. He does not pretend to express the will of the people. He simply attempts to govern according to the liberal principles he learnt at public school in England. His leadership is liberal, but not democratic. But because he is not really a democrat at all, Mr. Nehru is in fact Asia's best hope for democracy. This sounds gratuitously paradoxical, but of course the success of the Anglo-American experiment in democracy is that it is paradoxical. It is not a pure theory. That is why democracy as we understand it cannot be taught, cannot be exported, and why such infinite harm has been done in British and American universities by trying to teach democracy as a coherent political theory. It has prevented the generation of Asians who are now in charge of their countries' governments from learning the great lesson that we had to teach them: that their function was not to emulate Western democratic politicians of today but Western liberal leaders of the last century, that the only way for their children to enjoy the fruits of democracy later would be for them to practice the discipline of liberal leadership now.

All I am saying really is that democracy and liberalism are only compatible, can only work together, when it so happens that all, or the great majority, of those enjoying their democratic rights of suffrage also share the common denominator of liberal principles. This is a rare combination and, because we enjoy it in this country and in the United States, it is the height of folly to regard it as either natural or universal.

DEMOCRACY separated from liberalism must result in a constant clash between the popular will and the individual conscience which will reduce society either to anarchy or terror, and since, in the last resort, anarchy is the worst of all conditions, terror is the inevitable consequence.

If we look at the actual functioning of democracy in Britain and the United States, what is striking is not really the formal restrictions on the popular will at all. In the United States, admittedly, these are formidable enough, and were expressly devised by men terrified of majority rule. In Britain, however, the House of Commons does, theoretically, enjoy unlimited sovereignty. But democracy is not, in the last resort, ever curbed by institutional restrictions. It is curbed because enough Americans and Englishmen believe that it should be curbed. We do not, in fact, believe in popular sovereignty, however much we pay lip service to it in our political declarations. Having put the beast in a cage, we are prepared to admire its magnificent appearance. But we have no intention of letting it run wild.

This attitude is well illustrated by the Anglo-American assumption about the electoral process. In theory, we assume that at each election the sovereign voice of the people chooses a body of men into whose hands pass sovereign powers. In the United States these sovereign powers are limited by the Constitution. But the Constitution can always be amended. In the House of Commons, there are not even theoretical limitations. But even a cursory glance at the system by which these elections are held shows that the American and British people only accept the trappings of democracy because they know that what really matters to them is, so to speak, outside the field of battle. The subjects reserved are of two kinds. First, Anglo-American democracy rests on the fact that the basic framework of the state, which was established before the advent of universal suffrage, is not in question. There is a basic common political philosophy which in effect limits the field of current political decision. Popular sovereignty, therefore, is accepted, because

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everyone trusts everyone else not to carry this theoretical right to its logical conclusion. Secondly, and this is the consequence of the first factor, the kind of questions which political parties call upon the electorate to decide are never so contradictory that they preclude what Mr. Sidney Hyman has recently described as the four governing assumptions of party rule: (1) when a party forms the government, it shall govern by consent instead of coercion; (2) it shall itself consent to surrender the government to the direction of a rival party; (3) when this exchange takes place it shall be in a peaceful way; (4) the changes in existing relations in the whole community shall be of a moderate instead of a drastic sort.

Each of these requirements, he shows, has a firm support in pragmatic experience. A majority can rule by consent only if the minority is in substantial agreement with it. At least, the two must not be so polarised in their views that points in contest cannot be compromised. Again, a party will peacefully surrender the direction of government to a rival party only if it knows that, when it does, it will not be placed at the mercy of that rival.

Elections are designed to discover the will of the people, but only in a field which is strictly circumscribed. In countries like the United States and Britain the area for doubt and debate in national affairs, although constantly shifting as some problems are settled and new ones arise, always remains very narrow compared to the society as a whole.

In other words the shape of society is already formed, its outline is already drawn. All the voters do in fact is what children do with their picture-books—fill in colours, pink or blue according to taste. But in the new democracies, such as the Asian countries, the situation is totally different. There, society is in a state of flux. The old economic, social, and political patterns have been destroyed without yet being replaced. So it is not a question of the voters filling in the colours. They in fact have got to draw the pictures too. For many years to come, these new countries will still be in the blue-print stage, with all their economic and political plans only on paper and not yet rooted in experience. The questions which their people will be called upon to decide will therefore range from one theoretical extreme to another. Because free elections are a reasonable way to reach marginal decisions in the U.S. or Britain, it seems wholly illogical to conclude that free elections have any relevance to the contemporary problems of Asia, which involve the very basis of society.

WHAT people would actually do in particular circumstances is a far better guide to what they believe than any scrutiny of their theoretical attitudes. If you asked any American or Englishman if he believed that the will of the people must in all circumstances prevail, he would answer "yes." If you asked him whether he would accept to live under a Communist government in England or America simply because 51 per cent of the electorate had voted in favour, he would say "no." The will of the people, in short, must be reasonable if it is to be respected. But what does that mean? It means, of course, that it must conform to certain generally accepted standards of justice. The will of the people, then, is not sovereign at all. It is subject to laws over which it has no control. If the majority refused to accept these limitations, the minority are under no obligation to accept their dominion. No majority can impose slavery, or legislate in favour of incest, or impose one religion and ban another.

I hope I have said enough to suggest that there is no place in the Anglo-American form of democracy for the totalitarian concept of unlimited popular sovereignty. This will no doubt appear a banal conclusion. Everyone had reached it independently already. But had they? In theory, yes, but the fact remains that without a tremor of conscience this country is prepared to underwrite a Communist victory in Indo-China, so long as it is achieved by a democratic process. Surely, implicit in this attitude is the assumption that

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a sovereign people has the right to choose any form of government, liberal or tyrannical. I am fully aware, of course, that a sovereign people, using the word sovereign as a synonym for independent, should not have its internal affairs regulated from outside. It is a law of nations that a country can go to hell in its own fashion. In this sense the people of Indo-China are now no doubt sovereign. Limitations of power, as well as international custom, prevent us from effective and legitimate intervention. However much we may disapprove of the prospect of Indo-China voting Communist, we neither have the right — in international law — nor the military strength to do anything about it. But because outside powers have no right to reverse the choice of independent peoples, it is quite another matter to pretend that the independent peoples themselves have the "right" to choose tyranny. Why should the Indo-Chinese, for example, have a right that we don't, in our own political arrangements, grant ourselves? Why should the Indo-Chinese people be free to choose tyranny, when we don't grant ourselves this indulgence? Since it is no part of the Anglo-American political tradition to claim absolute sovereignty for the British and American peoples, let alone absolute sovereignty for transient popular majorities, why should this claim be made for the Indo-Chinese?

We assume that the Communist Party is allowed to campaign for power in this country because of our own innate belief in democracy. The truth is that we grant this right because the Communists have no chance of winning. If they did have a chance of winning, political instinct would very quickly suggest that our democratic assumptions needed re-examination. It would then be discovered that Communist participation in the electoral process fulfils none of the conditions—practical, historical, or ethical* —on which the Anglo-American tradition depends.

Communism so debauches the basic conditions of the Anglo-American tradition that to accept a Communist electoral victory as "democratic" would be base apostasy. It has been the continuing triumph of the Anglo-American tradition to embody standards of morality in its democratic institutions. However much, therefore, the Communists may be able to claim power through electoral victory, their claim need in no way demand Western acceptance. We are not committed to any belief in popular sovereignty by moral standards. In any conflict between the claims of liberalism and the claims of democracy, the Anglo-American tradition leaves us in no doubt where our allegiance lies.

All this is, of course, common knowledge. But because it is so much a part of us, because it lies so deep, we often forget its implications when we consider day-to-day affairs. Then the jargon, the slogans, dominate our reactions. In such moods, we allow our national reputation to underwrite such disgraceful arrangements as the proposed Indo-Chinese elections. Possibly, for military reasons, we had no alternative. But it obviously compounds the danger to pretend that these elections are forced upon us by our political beliefs. Then we are likely to jeopardise something far more precious than national security or diplomatic advantage—we are likely to jeopardise our political beliefs themselves.

* The crucial place of ethics in the Anglo-American tradition needs separate treatment. The fact that British democratic institutions took root in the 17th century, still in the age of faith, whereas on the Continent democracy evolved in the heyday of radical scepticism, explains much of the strength of the one and the weakness of the other.

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Changing the Subject

I H A D suggested, in exasperation, that he find
something other to write about
Than the moon, and flowers, and birds, and temples,
and the bare hills of the once holy city—

People, I proposed, who bravely push their way
through the leprous lakes of mud.
It was the wet season, rain upon spittle and urine,
and I had been bravely pushing my way.

It happened my hard words chimed with a new slogan,
a good idea, since ruined—
"Humanism." So I helped on a fashion, another like
Mambo, French chanson, and learning Russian.

Now he comes back, my poet, in a different guise:
the singer of those who sleep in the subway.
"Welcome you are," his vagrants declaim to each other,
"A comrade of the common fate."

"Are they miners from Kyushu?" he asks, these "hobos
all in rags." And adds that
"Broken bamboo baskets, their constant companions, watch
loyally over their sleeping masters."

Thus my friend. He asks me if he has passed the test,
is he truly humanistic,
Will I write another article, about his change of heart?
I try to think of the subway sleepers.

Who are indescribable. Have no wives or daughters to sell.
Not the grain of faith that makes a beggar.
Have no words. No thing to express. No "comrade."
Nothing so gratifying as a "common fate."

Their broken bamboo baskets are loyal because no one
would wish to seduce them.
Their ochre skin still burns in its black nest, though a
hundred changed poets decide to sing them.

"Are they miners from Kyushu?" Neither he nor I will
ever dare to ask them.
For we know they are not really human, that they are as apt
themes for verse as the moon and the bare hills.

D. J. Enright

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Luigi Barzini, jr.

Italy and its Aristocracy

MANY Italians used to live under the illusion that their country was more or less the one described by pocket encyclopedias, atlases, and geography text-books. Wasn't there a Kingdom with its borders marked out on the map, wasn't there a King whose profile appeared on stamps and coins? Weren't there uniform laws, an army, a navy, a flag, just as in Europe's other great nations? In the days before the First World War, only the older Italians with good memories read the official descriptions with a certain scepticism. They still remembered how Italy had been hastily put together, under exceptional circumstances, by a courageous minority; how defects and shortcomings had been hidden or disguised; how old traditions and virtues had been discarded hurriedly for more modern and foreign ones —and, therefore, this minority feared that the construction was too flimsy to withstand a really hard test. But the younger Italians (who are today's old men) had learned their history in school and not by listening to family gossip, a history prettified and polished up like a popular illustration, and they regarded every expression of doubt as a betrayal. It was this generation's patriotic and optimistic zeal, in polemic with the older men and with reality, that gave Italy twenty years of dictatorship and a "strong" political policy. They governed Italy with absurd bravado, as though it were the Great Power of their imagination and the official rhetoric, and not what it was in reality.

When the picture-book Italy of the sentimental novels and the government-controlled press collapsed, there immediately appeared divisions which had been neglected, obscure forces and tendencies which had been forgotten or concealed. With amazement, it was finally realised that Southern Italy is another country which leads a life totally dissimilar to that of the North (in consequence of which the same tax is mechanically exacted in Milan and ingeniously collected in Naples by a thousand complicated subtleties); that those provinces which had been well governed in the past, such as the Veneto under the Republic of Venice and the Austrians, were also today the most obedient and loyal to the constituted powers, while those which had been badly governed, such as the Legations and Sicily, were perennially anarchistic and rebellious; that the Catholics and the Church had remained silently hostile to the liberal state and had formed an enclave almost without contacts with the official world; that several regions longed for autonomy as for a liberation; and that the mass of the industrial workers were in secret mutiny. In short, it was realised that the legal and moral construction of the *Risorgimento* revealed, through large rents and gashes, an

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older and more lasting reality, just as after an earthquake or a bombardment a Baroque church will sometimes show, under its stripped-off plaster coating, a Romanesque framework.

THAT Italy does exist it would be foolish to deny. It is no doubt a peninsula in the Mediterranean where certain well-known historical events have taken place. It could also be defined as the heritage of complicated and heaped-up masses of ancient walls, *palazzi*, churches, basilicas, ministry buildings, abbeys, convents, theatres, castles, hovels, porticos, *piazzas*, noble seats, universities, museums, fortresses, villas, and gardens (there is one garden in Verona which since 1100 has belonged to the family of the Counts Giusti, who for this reason are called the Giusti del Giardino, "of the Garden") that compose our cities—each city profoundly different from the next, yet all of them Italian, that is, created by the same genius. One cannot easily escape an architectural imperative which so forcefully imposes memories, ways of life, a standard of taste, a special technique for living together, that even foreigners begin to feel different after having lived in one of our cities for a short time.

In Rome, for example, beneath the walls of the Quirinale Palace, there is a small, open-air people's market, which sells fish, poultry, fruits, and vegetables, that would be unimaginable alongside Buckingham Palace or the Elysée. Under the columns of Palazzo Massimo, residence of one of the oldest families in Europe, by century-long custom homeless vagabonds still find a place to sleep. In the courtyard of the ancient *palazzo* of the Borghese princes stands a small fountain that provides excellent water (so famous it has given its name to the street, Via Fontanella di Borghese). Today the *palazzo* is rented out to offices, a famous club, private families, and a large antique shop, yet at meal-times, just as in past centuries, the poor people of the quarter—the old, the children, the fat housewives in their felt slippers—all go with a bottle or pitcher in hand to get their drinking-water, a thing that would be unthinkable in almost any city outside of Italy. Can the poor draw their water in the Duke of Argyll's residence in London?

Those rich moderns who buy some crumbling, decadent little *palazzo* in the heart of old Rome and renovate it with new bathrooms, a lift, and *boiseries* of unpolished wood, must accustom themselves to the wine-shop across the way with its rickety chairs spread on the sidewalk, the shoemaker at the corner, the carpenter who works in the open air outside his shop, the wandering singers who come by in the evening, picking discordantly on a guitar. In almost all of Italy's cities the palaces of the great historic families are erected in the middle of the old popular quarters: they stand in a confused tangle of dirty alleyways that swarm with people, cats, dogs, chickens, donkeys, amid festoons of drying laundry. Not all the noble palaces at Venice are on the Grand Canal, while even those that face it with such dignity have a back entrance on land hidden among the narrow alleyways inhabited by the poor. Such an architectural plan imposed (and, in some way, still imposes) a living together of rich and poor, powerful and humble, which was one of the characteristics of Italian life, and as a result of which the holidays and days of mourning were shared in common, not because the poor and humble were *clientes*, that is, inferiors requiring protection and help, but *famuli*, that is, members of the same great family which embraces every social stratum.

Thus Italy is without doubt its buildings and its walls. It is also the people who live there, the Italians. But who are these Italians? What have they uniquely in common? The answer is very difficult. Is it religion? But their religion is the same as that of other profoundly dissimilar European peoples. Is it the language they speak? Until a few years ago the language was above all a written one, the language of a cultured minority. Down to the Second World War, the great mass of the Italian population felt (and perhaps still feels) more at its ease speaking its own regional dialect, which is not a corruption of Italian but a direct, ancient, and noble deri-

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vation from "decadent" Latin. In a certain sense the current use of Italian as a spoken language is the product of national independence and of the anxiety to hide the most striking differences between the various provinces; it is almost as artificial as the use of Gaelic in Ireland.

ITALY is its people, the people of culture (that is, the conscious inheritance) and the people who have never bothered their heads over such matters, who do not know the reasons why they behave "like Italians," why they eat, work, make love, do business, raise a family, repeat proverbs, know how to survive dangers, and know how to die when it is considered obscurely necessary. In this sense, Italy is therefore not a touristic, geographic, philatelic, diplomatic entity, but rather a realm of the spirit, so that one can say that many Italian citizens do not really belong to it, while there are rare foreigners so ripened by experience and study that they have become, sometimes even without living in Italy for long, intimately Italian. True, one cannot read the record of the national genius with the same clarity in all of Italy's inhabitants. A section of the new industrial bourgeoisie, for example, consciously lives according to patterns of behaviour borrowed from abroad, from French novels, English governesses, Swiss private schools, American films. Their relations with the ordinary people (and with the social classes above them) are uneasy, guarded, embarrassed, and impersonal. Their wives find it easier to make their charitable contributions by mail, sending a cheque to some society, whereas the old-style Italian women, whether noble or bourgeois, still go to the needy families quite openly and without embarrassment to bring their bit of assistance and to gossip with them in dialect. Many of these new bourgeois live isolated in their school-book language, in the geological strata of their income bracket, inhabiting districts built just for them, cut off from the rest like the European quarters in a Chinese city. Indeed, when they can do it, they also confine the poor people in concrete ghettoes built at the city's periphery.

They often have the embarrassing desire not to appear Italian, to repudiate an awkward and inconvenient heritage, and so they glory in destroying the old cities in order to construct, in the vacuum they have created, residential quarters that seem as South American as possible, confirming with their blank concrete walls the modern and international qualities of the men who have built them. Observe, for example, the two almost identical buildings on Piazza Venezia in Rome. One building, the ancient embassy of the Venetian Republic, is uncertain, assymmetrical, superb, and full of dignity. The other, which is a modern copy of it built by an insurance company, repels us by its anxious need to be praised, trying to surpass its rival by neatness and a banal and arithmetical symmetry. The one great book that has come out of the new bourgeoisie, written by the son of an engineer and businessman who built small villas for the rich in the Rome of Victor Emanuel III, Alberto Moravia's *The Age of Indifference*, is a pitiless condemnation of this class.

In one of his letters, D. H. Lawrence wrote: "I hate city Italians. They wear ugly neckties." At a certain point all English travellers discover that "Italy is a *contadino* civilisation." And there is some truth in it. Italy lives on in its ordinary people, the peasants, the sailors, the fishermen, the artisans. In part it also lives on in the old aristocratic families. There is almost nothing that will help us to rediscover this Italy, since—outside of a few curious foreigners or some dialect poets—nobody has really studied it and attempted to define its characteristics. Many people are anxious to embellish the Italians or to improve them, but without first finding out where the Italians come from, what they were. Everything has been covered by the slime of receding floods of clichés, of sentiments straight out of the cheapest fiction, of hasty journalistic judgments and a morality that smacks of Sunday sermons. As a result, the Italians today are almost completely ignorant of those ancient rules—or ashamed of them without even knowing them clearly—which they have in their blood

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and which still succeed in making their life, if not the most just, prosperous, and efficient, unquestionably the most human, pleasant, courteous, and satisfying one in the world, so exactly fitted to man's measure that many foreigners feel immediately at home in it.

Almost all Italians — sometimes, unwittingly, also the new bourgeoisie—know how to do the same things, at a distance of centuries, that their ancestors did. If left to himself, an ordinary mason in an Italian village can still build a house of noble proportions. During the last war, when the country was a battlefield for two enemy armies, the peasants knew where to hide their goods, where to send their women and livestock so that they'd be safe, knew how to placate the soldiery with wine, gossip, and small favours, how to extricate themselves diplomatically from difficult situations, just as peasants had done many centuries before. During those years, Marquis Ambrogio Doria of the historic Genovese family which goes back to the year 1000, while living in his Montaldeo villa, discovered, rummaging through his archives, Cardinal Mazarino's letter to an ancestor and namesake, Ambrogio Doria, in which the Cardinal reassured him about the behaviour of the French troops in Italy and included a proclamation to be posted up, addressed "*Aux Troupes de Sa Majesté le Roy*," which would safeguard his house from looting. The Marquis's administrator immediately had the proclamation framed and nailed to the main portal, just as at that time on many other portals were affixed the letters of American generals, German colonels, or escaped prisoners grateful for the hospitality they had received. In the anarchy of those years and the immediate post-war period, there reappeared in the passes of the Apennines the same bandits who had held up stagecoaches the century before, with the same technique, the same courtesy towards the women, and the same melodramatic arrogance and swagger. (The railroad services were interrupted, and the traffic ran, as in the past, on the old Roman highways.) In Rome one also saw how the Roman ruins had been created at the beginning of the medieval age. During the months of the German occupation and when the Allied Military Government first started, the people went out at night and stole, to build themselves shanties, doors, windows, roof-tilings from abandoned barracks on the periphery, from unguarded houses or villas whose owners had run away, carried off Travertine slabs from the tops of walls, tore off bricks, columns, pilasters, ornaments, and, in a short time, made picturesque and very new ruins, identical with those ancient ones that filled the hearts of poets with so much emotion and which the tourists come to admire.

THE Italian aristocracy, which until a few generations ago was the ruling class, has a more burdensome and useless heritage. As an empty bottle keeps the aroma of the wine it contained, so the aristocracy holds on to the memory of its past importance and dignity, of its duties, its responsibilities, and its art of ruling. It also remembers the ancient rules of life and preserves, in family libraries, the books and archives of the past, which are the culture and past of all. The intimate history of Italy is partly buried in the letters, notarial deeds, diaries, account-books, testaments, and manuscripts which the noble families conserve in dusty libraries and which few people go to study, and partly in the oral traditions which are handed down from generation to generation. These noble families still own many of the historic palaces marked in the guide-books with three asterisks. (An old Venetian count sleeps in a room covered with frescoes painted, I believe, by Tiepolo, and wakes up late in the morning, washes and dresses himself, encircled by admiring Englishmen, Germans, and Americans.) In a certain sense, theirs is the Italy which the foreigners come to see, the only one for which it seems worthwhile to make the journey, the Italy described by English and German writers, the land where "the lemon trees bloom."

And yet, this Italy has only a decorative importance. In the present world the Italian aristocracy counts for almost nothing. (To a Milanese count who was reproaching him in

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1924 for choosing his collaborators only from the middle-class *parvenus*, Benito Mussolini scornfully answered: "It's your fault. You are well mannered. At a party it's the boors who get to the buffet first.") The memory of its past greatness and dignity has no doubt rendered the Italian nobility unfit for the daily struggle: its authority of comportment has become comic self-importance, its gentleman's reserve has become isolation, and its cult of the ancient, useless virtues has been transformed into an embarrassing impediment. The nobles have not been able to survive either as gentlemen or by entering the world of affairs, except in marginal and sporadic instances, and then, sometimes, only by letting themselves be merged with the others. Their failure (in some way inexplicable, since many of them are nothing but the descendants of bankers, tax-farmers, contractors, and merchants) has pushed them into secondary positions, "extras" without any lines who often are hostile to the world that surrounds them and have purely routine duties.

The fact that the taste and dignity of Italy's old life could not be poured into its modern one, that it was not possible, for example, to preserve completely that living-together of the different classes which went to make up the pleasure of so much of our existence, to retain the taste for beautiful, well-made objects, for elegant and disinterested deeds, all this is particularly deplorable because the old Italy, with all its defects, was a precious construction of man and, bereft of these things, life has since become more impoverished here than elsewhere. Modern Italy had to be made, one might say, without the help of those who were perhaps more "Italian" than the others, as though it had been conquered by vigorous but ignorant foreigners and governed like a colony. The past has been forgotten or rejected, or, sometimes, unknowingly accepted after its return from abroad. Baldassar Castiglione's *The Courtier*, for example, did not serve as the model for the Italian gentleman, but the English model, which derives from this very book, was imitated instead. In the same way, the memory of the "Gioiosa," the school created by Vittorino da Feltre for the Gonzagas, has almost vanished, while many Italians admire and envy Eton, which is a copy of it.

In Italy, it is true, almost nothing gets thrown away. Everything manages to scrape along somehow: medieval institutions, pagan rites, Spanish customs, archaic music, 19th century liberalism, Fascism, old romantic socialism, Bakunian anarchism, legitimist principles in the Chateaubriand style, and so on. The country can be compared to a storeroom cluttered with putrescent and dusty antiques, which no one uses, and with newfangled, graceless pieces of furniture that are gross imitations brought from abroad or even fake antiques, which of course are used every day. So Italy succeeds in being old, tired, decadent, useless, and, at the same time, crudely new and traditionless.

In Italy, these days, there are noblemen everywhere. There are still rich nobles, the owners of *palazzi* which have borne their names for centuries (some families actually living on streets named after them, such as the Guicciardini of Palazzo Guicciardini, on Via Guicciardini, or the Pucci of Palazzo Pucci, on Via Pucci, both in Florence, or the Borromei of Palazzo Borromei, on Piazza Borromei in Milan). There are nobles who are penniless and humble small landowners, not much different from peasants, and others who are clerks living in tiny city apartments that smell of cabbages and garlic. There are some who live off public charity, and, in the prison at Arezzo, there is a Countess who was discovered to be the leader of a band of thieves. There are nobles at all levels of society and for all pocket-books, those famous in the international cafés and hotels about whom Igor Cassini writes, the society figures who receive invitations from Elsa Maxwell, and those about whom no one has ever heard a word. There isn't a small mountain hotel or seaside *pensione* which does not boast of a "Countess" among its guests. Obscure "Countesses" run private schools for foreign young ladies, and "boutiques" or antique shops at Florence, Rome, and Venice.

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Today, many nobles in Italy are as phoney as stage jewellery. After the fall of the Monarchy and the abolition of titles, there were ambitious Italians who profited from the situation by attributing to themselves absolutely imaginary family lineages. Other Italians succeeded, during the last weeks before his departure, in wresting from Umberto II patents of nobility of dubious value, since they had not been countersigned by the responsible ministers: these are known collectively as the "Counts of Ciampino," the Roman airport from which the King left Italy. Still others dug out of archives and family oral traditions noble rank to which they have a tenuous right and straight away added them to their calling cards. (Usually one learns about it from the servants over the telephone, since nobody has the courage to proclaim it openly. One asks: "Is the *signora* there?" The voice replies: "The Countess has gone out," with the tone of someone who wishes to correct an error.)

It is roughly calculated that the Italian Republic can boast of ten times as many nobles as there were under the Monarchy. Especially flourishing in Italy is the branch of the Emperors of Byzantium. In Rome alone there are two Emperors. One is "His Imperial Highness Lavarello Lascaris Comneno, Heir Porphyrogenite of the Nomania-Paleologue, Prince of Turgoville, Duke of Savoy Villars, Marquis Oberto of Lavarello, etc., etc." The other is the comedian Toto, a Neapolitan who simultaneously resembles Pulcinella and the Duke of Wellington. On the stage he performs with the buffoonery of the Commedia dell'Arte; in the salons the ladies, honouring him with deep curtsies, address him as "Your Highness." Up to a few years ago his name was Antonio De Curtis. Today he is legally (the titles have been validated by a court) "His Imperial Highness Antonio Porphyrogenite of the Constantinian Descent of Phocis, Achaia, Flavio, Duke Comneno de Curtis, Imperial Prince of Byzantium, Prince of Cilicia, of Macedonia, Darbiana, Thessaly, Moldavia, Ponto, Illyria, Peloponnesus, Duke of Cyprus and Epirus, etc., etc." Relations are rather strained between Rome's two Byzantine Emperors. Each one watches the other with a certain distrust. They hold court and distribute not only decorations of their Imperial Houses, but also noble Byzantine titles. There are people who flaunt countships, marquisates, and dukedoms acquired in this manner.

Obviously all these very recent noblemen are among the most rabid adversaries of the King's return, which is all the more embarrassing since they should be counted, by personal preference and social position, among the most eager supporters of a monarchial régime. Some time ago, during dinner at Cascais, Umberto and some friends were discussing the situation and one of them proposed, if there was a restoration, to examine the nobility case by case. Laughing, the King instead proposed that all the titles should be confirmed without hesitation—"to reward," he said, "such demonstrations of faith in the institutions of the Monarchy." A weekly magazine, *Il Borghese*, publishes in almost every issue a column called "The False Gotha," in which they list these new nobles and the titles they give themselves.

THERE are, to be sure, real nobles in key industrial and financial positions and other important posts. Count Carlo Faina of Perugia is president of "Montecatini," the chemical monopoly. Count Giancarlo Camerana was, until his recent death, the vice-president of FIAT. Count Edoardo Visconti of Modrone is president of "Carlo Erba," the pharmaceutical company. The representative of the cotton textile industrialists to the Confederation of Industry is Count Policarpo Corsi of Bosnasco, whose grandfather was A.D.C. to Victor Emanuel II. Prince Nicola Pignatelli d'Aragona Cortez, descendant of both the Spanish Royal Family of Aragon and of the conqueror of Mexico, Hernan Cortez—a Spanish grandee, is the Italian representative of the American Gulf Oil Company. Marquis Niccolo Theodoli is a film producer. Count Luchino Visconti— descendant of the Lords of Milan —is one of the best Italian stage directors and a member of the Communist Party. (Many

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young nobles have in the past joined the Communist Party, as a gesture of aristocratic revolt against the vulgar and sordid bourgeois world.)

However, the occupation that the great majority of real nobles have written on their passports is "agriculturist." They own land, a few fields around the garden of an old villa or vast estates (many of which the agrarian reform is gradually cutting down in size). In Southern Italy, until a few years ago, many nobles were the owners of those same tracts of land on which, right down to the French Revolution and the government of Murat, they had sole feudal rights. In Lazio, the princely families at one time possessed, and in part still possess, immense neglected estates given over to pasture land and malaria and traversed by the ruins of ancient aqueducts, which were acquired centuries ago when some member of the family happened to become Pope. In Tuscany, a few families were the proprietors of thousands of small farms, planted with olive orchards and vineyards. In Lombardy, even the water of the canals and irrigation ditches that flowed across other people's land was frequently the property of the nobles. There are nobles who are actively engaged in agriculture (many of them are actually university-educated agronomists and farming experts, such as the Marquis Alfredo Solaro of Borgo, of a nearly thousand-year-old Piedmont family). There are others who rarely go to see their distant estates and confine themselves, while living in Rome or Naples, to pocketing the incomes from them. These are mostly Southern Italian nobles who were drawn during the last centuries to the Neapolitan capital of the Bourbon kings, in the same way that the French nobles were impelled to live at Versailles. There are some who manage a few acres and live frugally; others, like Marquis Antonio Origo, who invest millions of lire in reclamation projects and new farm-houses for their tenants. (It is interesting to note that the peasants with enlightened and liberal landowners, who teach them modern techniques and respect their rights, who build them schools and hospitals, are always Communists, while the peasants with stingy and old-fashioned landowners are devoted to the Church and vote for the Demo-Christian government.)

Even today the Italian noble is happier in the country. The contact with the land and its people suits his character and traditions. He loves to shoot, he loves the patient slowness with which one faces the caprices of nature, he loves the withdrawn and isolated life together with a few friends and relatives, the conversations with the peasants whom he understands and who understand him. He knows and cultivates the art of "government." The word has nothing to do with politics. In the language of Central Italy "*governo*" means the guiding and care of all who are inferior, weak, undefended, and irresponsible — women, children, the old, dependants, and animals. All that cannot be taught, but is got by inheritance. The story is told how Prince Altieri of Rome, who had married a middle-class woman, was alarmed by the anarchic management of his large house. One day he gathered all the old servants in the kitchen and said: "You must be patient. It will take a little time, maybe four years. In four years you and I shall make a Princess of her."

As country folk they affect—or at least, affected until a few years ago—a crude ignorance or exaggerated scorn for the sort of knowledge which is useful in the technical and business world of today. The affectation sits easily on many Roman princes who, save for certain illustrious and well-known exceptions, are rough and uncultivated by ancient tradition. Also, in those regions dominated in the past by the Spaniards, the nobleman was ignorant almost out of duty to his caste. The barons in Calabria used to sign their names by a cross, to which the scribe would add the words, "*quia nobilis.*" Charles Felix of Savoy, King of Sardinia, defined the aristocratic point of view at the beginning of the last century, when *l'ancien régime* was fighting the liberals: "*Les mauvais sont tous des lettrés et les bons toujours des ignorants.*" Besides their attitude towards culture in general, the nobles showed and sometimes

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still show a strange indifference to art, when one thinks of the traditional protection which they gave in the past to painters, writers, poets, and scientists. When he visited art shows, Victor Emanuel III, a very cultured man with an infallible memory, liked to stop in front of a landscape of some town and ask the embarrassed painter: "What town is it? How many people live there? Are they hard-working and honest?"

NOBODY in Italy is a purer and more typical representative of his own city, province, region, of the ancient ways of thinking, living, eating in a particular locality than the nobleman. In the noble families one speaks—or spoke until the last war—almost only dialect, the same dialect used by the people, though pronounced with greater elegance and having a preciser and richer vocabulary. Victor Emanuel III, though he was born in Naples and lived nearly always in Rome, spoke the Piedmont dialect of his forefathers. When Marshal Badoglio, Prime Minister during the dramatic month of July 1943 (Mussolini had fallen and was arrested, the Fascist Party was dissolved, the Germans were masters of a large part of the country, and the Allies distrusted the new government), proposed to the King to include in the ministry some old anti-Fascist politicians, he objected in Piedmont dialect: "*Ma i sun di revenant*" ("But they are ghosts"). And Badoglio simply replied, in the same dialect: "*Anche mi e chiel, Maestà, suma di revenant*" ("Also you and I, Majesty, are ghosts"). Although he was born when his family had not lived in Turin for two generations, Umberto II also speaks the dialect quite precisely—just as the children of English families transplanted abroad still speak their language after a century. Recently, when a count called a bottle of white glass "*buta*," Umberto correctly pointed out to him that the word he meant was "*carafa*" since "*buta*" is used only for green glass. After the war in Turin the noblemen's club, The Whist, took in a bourgeois club, The Philharmonic, whose quarters had been destroyed in the bombardments. The servants of The Whist were most upset by the union. They waited on the old members with deep-bowing panache, while the others were treated offhandedly, unceremoniously, gracelessly, like the customers of some ordinary *trattoria*. The majordomo complained to Count Giancarlo Camerana about the world's shabby decline: "Just look how we've finished up. . . . Only us two, Count, speak the dialect."

Out of this contact with nature, out of the patriarchal "government" of large agricultural establishments and great houses full of relatives and servants, the commanding of men and animals, the slow passage of generations living within the same walls, the nobles learned the ancient virtues, those which were necessary and admired in yesterday's world but which, in these feverish modern times, seem almost ridiculous and useless. The Italian nobleman for centuries has been "the man on horseback." As the horseman dominates his horse (and things) not with lively intelligence, rapid reflexes, and sudden decisions, but often with the sheer weight of his buttocks and the position of his body, with that lack of fear which also is made up a bit of stupidity and slowness in recognising danger, guiding the animal with exact and invisible movements performed unconsciously and gracefully, avoiding sharp pulls at the reins, so, in the same fashion, many noblemen today still reach their goals by solid authority, courage, prudence, tenacity, perseverance, precisely those dull qualities which one can find only in the countryside.

Even today, their prime characteristic, in contrast to the bourgeoisie's frantic anxiety and aggressiveness, is a strange tranquillity and ease of life, almost as though they were unaware of the tremendous complications of existence. The best nobles still train their children in self-control, firmness, courtesy, still teach them how to use to advantage their close familiarity with men, women, and the ordinary people. Many of them are still masters of the art of conducting an intrigue, of defeating an impatient adversary, of courting a woman (a technique which calls for a subtle knowledge of the blind forces of nature). Lord Chesterfield admired them and

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pointed them out to his son as models of behaviour, urging him to keep, as they did, "*volto sciolto e pensiero stretto*" (in Italian in the original), that is, "an open countenance and a closed mind." Words that have disappeared from speech must still be used today in describing certain old gentlemen: they cultivate *tratto*, that is, elegance in conducting one's affairs and in relations with others, and *il portamento*, that is, the body's dignity, by which one moves, sits, walks, or leans against a piece of furniture or wall with the harmonious naturalness that recalls certain figures in Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Mantegna, a naturalness which can now be found only among peasants and shepherds. Their ideal is still that proposed by Baldassar Castiglione, whom no one reads: to behave with decorum, to win the favour of one's superiors and the friendship of one's equals, to defend one's honour and make oneself respected without being hated, to inspire admiration but not envy, to maintain a certain splendour, to know the arts of living, to converse with wit and facility, to be in one's proper place in war, in a salon, in a lady's boudoir, and in a council chamber, to live in the world and at the same time to have a private and withdrawn life. The ideal, like all ideals, is realised only by a few. All, however, recognise it as a model. (These traditional characteristics are certainly not those of contemporary Italians, yet they survive in the Italians, shown in either a good or bad light, who appear in novels written by foreigners, precisely because, as I have said, the historic Italy is the one which seems more Italian than the others, the one that has taught the world and arouses the curiosity of travellers. Maybe it is for this reason that the Italian, in light Anglo-Saxon literature, is almost always a Count.)

Since, however, their income these days is rarely sufficient to support them, the great majority of nobles must work. I have already told about those who occupy the few eminent positions in the world of industry and finance. Many others have gone into occupations where their traditional qualities can still be useful. For example, they produce good wines. Wine, like a noble family, is the product of generations, patience, and taste. (The most famous Italian wine, Chianti, came out of the experiments made by Baron Bettino Ricasoli at his Brolio Castle during the last century. Today some of the oldest families in Tuscany—the Antinori, the Spalletti, the Sanminiatelli, etc.—also produce Chianti.) Other nobles have entered diplomacy, where the art of pleasant conversation, of elegant intrigues, "the open countenance and the closed mind," still seem to be necessary virtues. As they did in past centuries, young nobles are impelled to go off on uncomfortable and adventurous expeditions, African explorations, big-game hunts, and colonisation experiments in Latin America. There are others, however, who exploit their good taste, working as interior decorators, antique dealers, organisers of holidays, and there is a great patron of the arts, Count Chigi Saracini of Siena, who yearly pays for concert seasons which attract an audience from all over Europe. Many noblemen have opened shops of *colifichets* and sell extravagantly up-to-date merchandise. The most famous of these *boutiques* is at Capri and is owned by a man, Marquis Emilio Pucci. But most nobles are still chiefly attracted to military careers where they can "serve" and exercise the art of command, cut off from the modern world's confusion in a hierarchical order which agrees with their tastes.

But all this—the wines, the hazardous expeditions, the careers in diplomacy, the *colifichets*, the life under arms—doesn't amount to very much. The bourgeoisies are more numerous, better equipped, and trained even in those fields where gentlemen should naturally stand out, and the ancient traditional qualities are often more of a hindrance than a help. As a result, the nobles harbour the confused conviction that they are the victims of modern society, useless survivors fighting against a thousand enemies who wish to destroy and humiliate them.

ANY panoramic, general consideration of the Italian aristocracy is almost certainly inexact and can have only an anecdotal

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value. In reality, there is no "Italian aristocracy." Down to 1860, there was not one sovereign, one court, one style of gentlemanly life, but rather many courts, some very rigid in the Spanish and Austrian manner, others family-like, disordered, and pleasure-loving; bread-and-water courts and magnificent courts; and there were sovereigns to suit all tastes—tyrannies, glorious oligarchic republics, provinces under foreign domination, and, of course, the Papal States. And all this in continuous change, with borders that were redrawn at every treaty; and, at the passing of each dynasty, régime, and domination, with a flurry of negotiations, accompanied by inevitable confusions and discrepancies, it was necessary to acknowledge the previous nobles and to create new ones faithful to the latest master. This tumultuous, flood-like formation over ten centuries gave both the greater and lesser noble families sets of very different characteristics and traditions, which vary according to the title's antiquity and origin (whether from town or country, military or mercantile), the court in which the family was formed, and the province in which it had its roots.

It should first of all be remembered that the temper of the Middle Ages, the feudal and knightly spirit which shaped the soul of the nordic nobility, never succeeded completely in imbuing Italy, which always secretly remained partial to its own ideals and rebellious to any ideology alien to its true nature. Just as our Gothic churches are only Romanesque churches dressed up in German decorations, so, under the trappings of the knightly tradition, one can always catch sight of an Italian and Roman reality. It is known that fewer Italians left to go to Palestine to conquer the Holy Sepulchre than any other Europeans. It is also known that the Crusades mainly served as the occasion for Venetian merchants to open new markets in the Orient, and for the maritime cities to fit out fleets for the foreign knights who were leaving to fight the infidels. The knightly medieval spirit had the same luck in Italy as the ghosts, of whom there exist notoriously few examples. There are only two or three haunted castles in the entire country, which, moreover, were inhabited most of the time by Germans.

Thus, an "Italian aristocracy" does not exist. The Piedmont nobility is the only one which is nordic, feudal, martial, formed around a single sovereign and subjected to a strict court. Several Piedmont families which originate before the year 1000, others established in the succeeding centuries—nearly all of austere customs, having been impoverished by the many wars of the House of Savoy—still maintain a rigidly decorous life in their boring, ancient provincial villas and raise their children with a firm sense of duty. It is chiefly Piedmont nobles who are listed in the 1955 directories of the Italian Republic as army and navy officers and diplomats, all at the service of a sovereign who is no longer there. The Genovese aristocracy is composed of families of navigators and merchants, which are still today engaged in business affairs. The Genovese patricians did not have titles in their Republic, yet, when they travelled abroad or were sent as ambassadors, they gave themselves the title of "Marquis" for convenience's sake. They were also officially Marquises during the Italian monarchy.

The Venetian *patrizi* are doubtless to be counted among Europe's oldest nobility, some of them direct descendants of those small tribal chiefs, perhaps curials of the Roman Empire, who led the people to found a city on the lagoons to defend themselves against the barbarians. They set up a ruling oligarchy, the Grand Council, and, for one thousand years, until 1815, its members possessed no other title but that of *Nobil 'Uomo*. After the Congress of Vienna, the Hapsburgs proposed to give the patents of Count to those who wished them, the title of *patrizi* not seeming sufficiently splendid for their court. Many accepted, yet others refused, offended at being offered so common a title; it was only later that Victor Emanuel II made them Counts. The Venetian lords are courteous, refined, amiable, and weary, burdened by their ownership of palaces built on water that are always threatening to collapse and must

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be continuously propped up and repaired at great expense.

The Milan nobility reflects that city's tortured and complex history. It includes very ancient nobles, ancient nobles, less ancient, recent, and very recent — titles from the Longobards, the Roman Emperors, the Spaniards, the Austrians, Napoleon, and the House of Savoy. Many Milanese nobles still own rich-landed estates, have large incomes, love music (the boxes at the Scala stay in the family for generations) and the good life, and are still somewhat distrustful of the industrialists and businessmen. At Florence the most ancient stratum is formed by the feudal nobility, descendants of Germanic warriors who came down into Italy before 1000—the Gherardesca and the Ricasoli; then there is the stratum of the country nobility which came to the city after having made their fortunes, a group of bourgeois origin made up of bankers and merchants. In 1550, Cosimo de' Medici and the end of commerce on the Mediterranean forced all of them to put their money in the land, so that today they are solely landowners, notorious for their stinginess. In one of the great Florentine houses, they ask the guests at table to turn over their glasses if they don't want wine.

THERE are four very ancient families in Rome—the Caetani, the Massimo, the Colonna, and the Orsini. The other Roman nobles are nephews of the Popes who, having originated in other Italian cities, came to live in Rome to follow the fortunes of their families. The Rospigliosi, a Pistoia family known since the 14th century, were made Princes by Clement I. The Borghese, a Siena family in existence since the 13th century, were made Princes of Sulmona in 1610 by Philip III of Spain, in order to ingratiate himself with Paolo Borghese V. The Boncompagni come from Bologna, while the Odescalchi are bankers from Como. The Roman nobility was famous for its wealth, its sumptuous palaces, and its crude manners.

The nobility of Naples also divides into geological layers. Before the year 1000, there are the Caracciolo and Brancaccio families. The Aquino (that of St. Thomas Aquinas) and Sangro families are Longobards; the Capece, d'Afflitto, and Dentice families (the last made famous to the readers of American newspapers by the wife of Carlo, Countess Dorothy Dentice di Frasso, *née* Taylor, of Watertown, New York) are all Normans; the Balzo and Cito families are Angevins. The more superficial layers are Aragonese, Spanish, Austrian, and Bourbon. The Neapolitans have inherited from the domination of the Spanish Viceroy the love for regal magnificence, which has ruined many families, and a particular touchiness about their honour and prestige. The Sicilian noble families are also numerous and inclined to sumptuous display. During the Napoleonic Wars, when the court of Naples was in exile at Palermo with their incomes greatly reduced, King Ferdinand prohibited the great Sicilian lords at the penalty of a fine from exhibiting themselves at the hour of the evening drive with more than four horses. The Prince of Terranova would then go out with six or eight horses, the fine's amount attached to the forehead of each horse to facilitate the work of the gendarmes.

Even obscure families are very ancient in Italy. Among others, the nobles of several small provincial towns unquestionably descend from senatorial families of the Roman epoch, though often having no other title than *patrizi*, like the "*bourgeois*" of Geneva. There are tens of family names that surely go back further than the year 1000. The great majority, however, have relatively recent origins. At every change of régime, the new nobles reasserted old privileges (Maria Theresa at Milan only asked that the family prove that it had lived for three generations "*more nobilum*" in order to validate the title) and created new ones. To pay the costs of his wars, in 1772 Victor Amedeo II of the House of Savoy sold titles for three million, seven hundred thousand lire. The nobility's Book of Gold was reopened to the richest people at Venice after the war of Candia against the Turks and the war of Chioggia against the Genovese. In almost all the cities, with each generation, certain families

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disappeared and other new ones in some fashion obtained titles and, after a while, merged with the older and more illustrious nobles.

Only quite recently, almost on the eve of the French Revolution and the abolition of the feudal system, the question of the aristocracy's status was settled in nearly all the Italian states. In Piedmont, in 1687 they began to draw up catalogues of authorised coats-of-arms, and in 1738 they codified the norms for accepting a family's nobility. In Milan, rules were established in 1652 for admission to the nobility, and, in 1769, for the first time, it was forbidden that anyone bear a title which had not been recognised by the Court of Heraldry. The list of Tuscan nobles dates from 1750; that of Rome's noble families from 1746. The problem was faced by the new Kingdom of Italy in 1870 by the passage of a law which set up a Council of Heraldry. The first official list of Italian nobles was compiled laboriously between 1895 and 1900, and the first almost complete list was published in 1922.

All this has created a century-long confusion, which the nobles themselves can't make head or tail of. For instance, there is no precise protocol in Italy for seating nobles around a dinner table. The scale of titles is useless. There are Longobard Counts who were sovereigns of their small medieval states and obscure Neapolitan Princes who were recently titled and have very modest origins; there are simple patricians who can boast of a very ancient lineage, Vicar-Counts who represented an Emperor, Princes of the Holy Roman Empire, Merchant-Counts of the Renaissance and the last Kingdom. Sometimes an attempt is made to place the guests according to the antiquity of their titles—an absolutely impossible feat. In Venice precedence is given to the "foreigners," that is, the nobles from other cities in Italy. Usually, the guests are seated in the order of their age, as though they were simple bourgeois or all had the same rank.

Nor did the rules of precedence established by the House of Savoy simplify the problem. Title did not constitute rank at the Quirinale Palace. The monarchy had issued out of a democratic revolution. (Following a plebiscite, Victor Emanuel II was nominally proclaimed King and bore his title both "by the grace of God" and "the will of the nation," as is written in all the documents. At Parma the monument to him is inscribed "To the Elected King.") The order of precedence was that so-called of "General Marquis Luigi Federico Menabrea," aide-de-camp of Victor Emanuel II, who set up a system by which the last of the Knights of the Crown of Italy passed ahead of the first of the Roman Princes. (There wasn't an army major or a railroad station-master in Italy who wasn't a Knight of the Crown. Victor Emanuel used to say that a cigar and the Cross of a Knight could not be refused to anyone.) Privately, it was another matter. In the King's military and civil household, attending the Queen and Princes of the blood, were traditionally gathered members of the illustrious patrician families. Moreover, since in the Kingdom's first years the nobility was still in large part the ruling class, the public position of many aristocrats seated them at table in more or less the place to which, in other courts and at other times, their titles would have given them the right.

The truth was that the House of Savoy looked with distrust on that assorted *antipasto* of nobles of all shapes and descriptions which they had inherited with the Unification. At bottom, the only true nobles for them were still their own, the nobles from the Piedmont, whose families had served and followed them for centuries, just as the only castles, landed estates, villas, and country seats were their own, those of the House of Savoy, and not the ones belonging to other noble families. The Savoys had easily granted titles to Italians and foreigners, not always for special merits and on particular occasions, as was done, for example, in England, but here and there, a few at a time, without rigid criteria, to anyone who asked for it with sufficient persistence and was supported by political recommendations. This lack of serious discrimination irked the old aristocracy and confirmed it in its suspicion that the King was

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doing everything to diminish its prestige. That the Kingdom of Italy at the start of the century was dominated by the bourgeoisie was a fact before which the King had to bow, since it certainly was not dependent on his wishes. Nevertheless, there is no question that the King also took a bitter pleasure in adapting himself to the new conditions, even when personally disagreeable. Perhaps he bore the same distrust towards his throne and the anarchic and mixed-up country he had been called to reign over, as Letizia Buonaparte had felt for her son's Empire. When Theodore Roosevelt came to Rome on a private visit, the King told him: "I am educating my son to become the first President of the Italian Republic." In fact, that is just what he became in 1946.

LIFE in an Italy which was not yet industrial, whose wealth lay in the people, the land, the ancient traditions, the palaces, the ingenuity, and the works of art—this life was still, as has been said, dominated by the nobility. The coming to power of the democratic and nationalistic Left on March 18th, 1876, marked the end of the ancient hegemony. Until 1876 the political and ruling class, which had made the revolutions and fought in the wars of Independence, was largely composed of nobles. If the aristocracy was not liberal, many liberals were aristocrats. Ettore Carafa, the Duke of Andria and General of the Partenope Republic, was compelled to lay siege to his own fee, Andria, in order to abolish his own feudal rights, and he finally had to destroy the place because its inhabitants did not want to renounce feudalism and loyalty to him. (The King later condemned him to death.) From 1849 to 1876 almost all the prime ministers were noblemen. The general who entered Rome on September 20th, 1870, at the head of Italian troops was Count Raffaele Cadorna. Ambassadors, prefects, important magistrates, and ministers came from the aristocracy, and also, at that time, some of the great financiers, businessmen, and the first industrialists. Inevitably their influence was felt in many fields—in the economy, the elegant form of despatches, the probity of public life, the soberness and good sense of political policy, the taste shown in the monuments and the style of the uniforms, and the general disinterestedness and decorum which they imparted to the new Kingdom.

It should be noted that the positions held by all these noblemen were not owed to their titles but rather to the fact that in a provincial country, which had remained outside of European history for centuries, they could be numbered among those who had had the chance to study, had travelled abroad, spoke foreign languages, possessed highly-placed friends everywhere, and were often the only people who traditionally pursued careers in public life. Moreover, since they owned land, they controlled the sole important capital of the period. Then, from 1876 on, only one of the prime ministers was a nobleman, Antonio Starabba, the Marquis of Rudini; all the others were of bourgeois origin. Gradually, also, the high positions in the state, the majority of seats in the Senate, the key posts in the world of business affairs, almost everything, with the exception perhaps of the great landed estates, passed from the nobles' hands into those of others. During these same years, the character of Italian life, both public and private, slowly changed—one saw it in the taste expressed in the buildings, the conventional forms, the relations between superiors and inferiors, the courtesies, the graces, the sense of the state, even in the typography of official documents. Of course, this was not only due to the decadence of the Italian nobility, but could be traced above all to that natural evolution all over Europe in which the Italian nobility's decadence was only one of many aspects. A historian wrote: "It was after 1876 that the real Italy came out into the open, so much inferior to romantic dreams. The government declined appreciably in honesty, dignity, good-breeding, competence and style. Mere cleverness prevailed over real knowledge, and politics undermined administration." There was, however, one factor which was different in Italy—though the aristocracy, as in other European countries, proved itself incapable

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and reluctant to assume its new duties, which it scorned, only a small part of the bourgeoisie was properly trained, had firm faith in itself, and solid traditions.

Then, at the end, the epoch of Gabriele D'Annunzio arrived.

DURING the last decades of the century, that varicoloured hotch-potch of illustrious and ancient, less illustrious, unknown, totally new, genuine and almost genuine families which, for good or ill, went to make up the aristocracy's Book of Gold, began searching confusedly for a new unifying principle. The Kingdom was new, life seemed to be changed, new industries and fortunes were being built, railroads were reaching out almost everywhere—it was necessary to be modern. The old traditions—save for the traditions from the Piedmont, which alarmed the other Italians—seemed to have been left behind and appeared dangerous to the principle of Unification. Everybody was looking for models to imitate. There was no time to be lost. The cavalry sent for a lance from the German Uhlans at Berlin to copy and hired a famous Austrian horseman as their instructor. The statesmen debated the national problems in the halls of Montecitorio dressed in *redingotte*, just as was being done at the Palais Bourbon. (The Parliamentary Rules of Order had been taken directly from the Belgians.) The cotton-mill owners of Milan played at being Englishmen, some of them even going fox-hunting in red jackets. The bankers were studying their German counterparts.

In those years, servants waiting on table in the old houses suddenly became mute, just as in England; until then, they had always been permitted to participate respectfully in the conversation. Many nobles tried to prepare their sons for their responsibilities by sending them to the universities to study. Other nobles began serving their new King with punctilious faithfulness. Still others, following the pattern of the English Lords, plunged into voyages of exploration and hazardous big-game hunts. Some nobles threw open their old *palazzi*, redecorating them in accordance with the period's taste, gave large receptions, frequented high international society, married the daughters of foreign nobles, and travelled all over Europe visiting their friends. There were also humble country Counts, belonging to the newest group of the nobility, who enlisted in the old Piedmont regiments and felt obliged to behave like the descendants of the Crusaders, scorning all dangers, putting on haughty airs, sometimes challenging peaceful-minded bourgeois to duels or throwing away part of their inheritance in wild gambling. In other words, the Italian nobles for the first time set about acting the part of "nobles"; they ceased to be patriarchal, with a place in the people's ancient way of life, in order to live a fictitious literary and choreographic existence.

What had happened was strange and complicated. In part, it was the product of the times throughout Europe; in part, the aristocracy adapted itself hastily to its new functions, just as the bourgeoisie was doing, and searched in its past or in the past of others for anything which could be useful. Out of this search the feudal traditions came, traditions which were quite new for many nobles and which are today thought to be part of a century-old heritage. Moreover, the nobles, issuing under pressure from their provincial habits and the torpor of centuries, were forced by a number of factors to imitate foreign modes. There were, for example, the English Nannies—women of ordinary families but pervaded by a religious veneration for titles, genealogies, and royal houses—who were inevitably imported to educate the young Italian nobles as if they were members of the House of Lords, teaching them virtues which here would only be an impediment, and moral vices, such as haughtiness, reserve, and snobbery, which have rarely been seen before in Italy. Then there were the American or English women who had married a Count, a Duke, or a Prince and expected their mates to behave like their similars elsewhere. Between them, English Nannies and foreign mothers raised in the last decades whole generations of Italian nobles, converting them into *deracinés* from Italian life, with sometimes admirable yet completely

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alien qualities, people who were discontented with themselves, their existence, their country, their condition.

At this point, between 1880 and 1890, Gabriele D'Annunzio came into vogue, a poet of great talent, as snobbish as an English nurse. The son of a modest family from Pescara, short of stature and prematurely bald, saturated in classical studies and Italian history—from which he took only the ornate and showy — D'Annunzio had begun his career as the society reporter on a newspaper owned by Prince Sciarra, a patron of the arts. On the basis of his society notes he then wrote a novel in which the Italian aristocracy, the new Court, and Rome were depicted for the first time as a fabulous world, populated by overwhelming personages, marvellous women, very refined gentlemen who, in a heavy atmosphere of licentiousness and death, spent their time, far above all gross daily concerns, in erudite and subtle conversations, perilous, impassioned love affairs. D'Annunzio despised the bourgeois conventions and virtues. Instead he sang the praises of the nobility and of those who, like himself, had been ennobled by nature; he glorified the love of risk, pomp, and the picturesque. In his successive works, there was reflected, moreover, the disquietude of a new, impoverished, and bored Italy, the young generation's anxious thirst for power, the cult of heroism, war, and blood. Skipping over entire centuries of sobriety and seriousness, D'Annunzio settled on the Italy of the late Renaissance —a defeated Italy—and the Byzantine Empire, or rummaged through other epochs crowded with decadent splendours and turbid disorder in search of the fantastic, cruel, and over-refined. Out of this work there came an Italy which pleased everyone to some degree—save, of course, serious, level-headed people—but which was particularly attractive to a large group of the new nobility. A style was born, a theatrical pastiche, false and literary, which served to fill a vacuum and nourished the furious, irrational faith that Italy was vowed to a great destiny—just at the moment when the country seemed quite insignificant in comparison with the great foreign powers and even with the hopes of the last generation. And, lastly, it revealed a function for Italy's gentlemen and nobles, which was that of pointing the way to the future by their magnificent deeds, their admirable examples (piloting the first airplanes), a future which would be just as glorious and vaguely picturesque as the past.

D'Annunzio had very little success abroad, where his overwrought and feverish style was almost completely incomprehensible, yet in Italy he enjoyed the sort of fame which only "the divine Aretino" had had. Every word, image, gesture, and love affair of D'Annunzio's resounded in the lost, uncertain, and discontented souls of countless people. The young noblemen became his fervent followers and adopted his ideals, even going so far as to model themselves after his characters, to speak, write, live, and dress like him. Women of great noble families fell desperately in love with him and risked scandal and dishonour to have affairs with him. Hordes of other women adored him from a distance, dressing like the heroines in his novels and throwing themselves into decadent love affairs in the provincial towns. They forced their lovers to behave like D'Annunzio's heroes, speaking in a lyrical language composed of archaic, incomprehensible words, and decorated their houses with rubbishy bric-à-brac, just as D'Annunzio did and continued to do until his death. Greyhounds and horses became fashionable. Duke d'Aosta, the King's cousin, husband of Princess Elena of France, even wrote his letters in a handwriting almost identical with that of the poet, on large sheets of handmade paper adorned by Renaissance engravings and sybilline mottoes.

But not everyone was modern and D'Annunzian. The older men (and the most ancient and substantial families) continued secretly to live in their patriarchal way, on terms of close familiarity with their servants and dependants, tranquilly certain of still being themselves, unconcerned about the rest of the world and its absurd conduct. Even today, when the bourgeoisie and the

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aristocracy which is most *à la page* are dressed by fashionable tailors and are models of elegance, the old, traditional aristocrats still have their clothes made by some ordinary tailor at a minimum cost. Prince Barberini goes to drink wine and play cards almost every day at a certain hour in an *osteria* near Piazza Navona in Rome, a hang-out for street-cleaners and coachmen. At Palermo, in the *palazzo* of the Duke Fulco della Verdura, visitors are still announced by the ringing of the tower bell. The Duke, a New York and Paris jeweller, is one of the most prominent men in international society. Yet in his house, still inhabited by his mother, the Duchess, the porter won't stop anyone from entering —as, indeed, was the custom in all the *palazzi* at Palermo. Anyone who wishes can walk in and go through the master's apartments. However, the bell is always sounded —one stroke for a woman, two for a man, three for the Duke, and a stroke and a half for a priest, who is considered something half-way between a man and a woman. (At every stroke there is a great sticking-out of heads from the upper-floor windows and the courtyard to see who has arrived.) Some years ago, the Duke's father came across a beggar in the ante-chamber doing an excellent business collecting alms. (In the 18th and 19th centuries, beggars on the stairs and in doorways were the nightmare of English travellers in Italy.)

The children of the D'Annunzians, of foreign mothers, the products of the English Nannies, are today chiefly social figures, making up a "high society" which never existed before in Italy. (The "rulers" of Roman society, Princess Jane of San Faustino at the head and Princess Isabel Colonna close behind her, are bourgeois of foreign birth.) These "social figures" possess the names which readers of the newspapers are familiar with — even today old-fashioned noblemen and gentlemen would regard it as a dishonour to read their names in the newspapers, even in connection with some serious and legitimate event; in Rome they receive American millionaires and movie stars, send gossip columnists bits of indiscreet information, brag about their invitations to English castles or villas on the French Riviera. All this—the cultivation of frivolous friends in various parts of the world, the passion for certain sports taken up for solely fashionable motives, the pursuit of showy invitations, the balls and great dinners in the old palaces, the breathless running back and forth over Europe just to be present for an evening, a day, or a week-end at a particular place—is generally done by Italian nobles without apparent effort, without vulgarity, with grace and a sure knowledge of the persons involved, as becomes people of good breeding. Yet, despite all their care and gentlemanly tact, the activity in itself, the regarding of one's function as purely decorative and one's real purpose in life as that of obtaining a social success, is essentially vulgar.

In contrast: Duke Guido Visconti of Modrone was a soldier, a career officer in the cavalry, who had acquitted himself well in Libya at the head of his Saharan troops. He was not a Fascist. During the last war, he got himself transferred to a parachute division which was employed at Marmarica, in a desert of blazing stone, without water, with meagre supplies of ammunition and old artillery pieces which shot eight kilometres to the English guns' fifteen. In the front line for months, the Duke used to say half seriously: "Who are these English? Social *parvenus*. Who are these Windsors, Saxe-Coburg-Gothas, Hanovers? All newcomers." Guido Visconti of Modrone died heroically. Two brothers of the princely family of Ruspoli, Marescotti and Costantino, also died in the fighting at Marmarica. None of them were Fascists. On the contrary, they had regarded the new régime with distrust and hostility and had dreaded a war fought at the side of the Germans, which they knew would surely end in defeat. At the war's outbreak they had asked to be sent to the front —as one of them wrote to his wife, "to do my duty as a soldier." Count Paolo Caccia Dominioni of Sillavengo, painter, architect, veteran of the First World War (he claimed to be "the only combative Knight of Malta"), officer in the Engineers and anti-Fascist,

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organised the first group of "sabotagers" in the Italian Army, with whom he succeeded at a certain stage in retaking Tobruk by demolishing its defences with dynamite. The deed was inexplicable to his friends who knew his dislike of the régime and the war. Before he left for combat duty, one of his friends asked him: "You know that the war is going to be lost. Why are you leaving?" Count Caccia replied: "There's no doubt, the war is lost. But let's try to lose it as well as we can, with dignity and honour."

TO DIE heroically in a hated war, obeying leaders one despises, are extreme examples. But there are many more reflections of the aristocratic tradition in everyday Italian life.

To tell the truth, in their early years the children of Italian noble families are almost unaware of the names they carry. Since there aren't private schools in Italy just for aristocrats, the young noble, enrolled solely under his surname in a state-run school, gets lost among his bourgeois classmates. He learns to defend himself, relies on his own resources, picks up useful curse-words, observes the simple existence of ordinary families, goes through his first amorous adventures. Afterwards, throughout his life, he keeps friends from all classes. The children of the nobility enjoy mixing with other groups, since the others have greater freedom, nobody watches their every move, and they are much more easy-going and spontaneous. Nothing frightens the young noble more than bringing his family's importance to his companions' notice. He is even reluctant to invite them to his home and is terrified at being picked up at school by a liveried servant or an English governess. But, later on, the moment inevitably comes when each person must resign himself to being what he is.

Many nobles put off that day as long as possible; they continue to mix with and be lost among their bourgeois friends, in rebellion against their family, archaic customs, and the annoying weight of tradition. Yet almost nobody is able to escape his fate for long. Gradually, they resign themselves: first it is a matter of habit, then pride at being what they are. Many tell how "the day" suddenly swooped down on them—at the death of their old parents, when the palace or villa, the small house or fields landed squarely on their shoulders. No matter how broad-minded, irreverent, and up-to-date they are, no matter how convinced that the nobility's claims are a ridiculous impediment in modern life, the sheer weight of the walls, the old halls, the ancestral portraits, the paintings, the archives, the boxwood hedges, the burden of dependants who surround the family, the accounts to be kept—all this compels them to attend to their affairs and, little by little, they become resigned prisoners, docile links between past and future. They must fight tooth and nail to preserve what they own, to hand it down to their own children, educating them properly so as to fit them for their particular duties. As they grow older they discover with bitterness that they have come more and more to resemble their fathers, grandfathers, and uncles, that they unconsciously repeat maxims which used to seem ridiculous, that they also praise the obscure provincial magistrates and undistinguished soldiers whose portraits happen to be hanging on their walls. All this, take note, not with the pride and boldness of the past, when it was a question of sure advantages, but rather out of resignation, discipline, the abandonment of the idea of any sort of serious career. (Who, in Italy, would be operated on by a Marquis who was a surgeon, or would listen to the work of a Duke who was a composer?)

There is today, in this discipline, in this sacrifice of themselves for the sake of their name, something more than the old *noblesse oblige*. Many aristocrats, describing their war adventures, say: "If I didn't have the name I bear, I would not have done it." It is an ancient rule which, however, also often holds true for men of honour without ancestors. In today's nobleman there exists a sort of sharp antagonism, one might almost say an impotent defiance of the world which is hostile to him and does not value his qualities. It seems today to drive many nobles

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to exasperated sacrifices, in which there is evidently a certain desire to somehow disappear. Those disappear who give up all pretensions and become a part of the bourgeoisie, who "go bourgeois" (the only daughter of a Roman nobleman who married an actor, the young nobles who change their names, their cities, or country in order to start a new career, etc.). Those also disappear who withdraw to cultivate their traditions, sacrificing themselves for the continuity of their family, living in a vanished period of history, artificially maintained within the walls of their *palazzi*, as one reproduces an exotic climate to preserve rare and delicate animals. And, finally, those disappear who, in wartime, have not merely done their duty but wished to die and destroy their family, almost as if to show by their behaviour what ancient blood means and to revenge themselves, by a brave deed, for all their peacetime humiliations. In this wish to disappear is implicit the confession that their virtues (and vices), which they do not know how to relinquish, are useless today. But are they really useless to a world which is becoming harder and more inhuman just because it lacks those very virtues (and vices)?

Out of the everyday struggle in bourgeois society there emerge powerful men, the founders of great industrial dynasties and fortunes. They establish, as they have always established in past centuries, the great new families who make alliances among themselves and control entire provinces or branches of human activity. They construct, as they always have, mansions in the city and villas in the country. Sometimes they also manage to obtain a title from some sovereign or the Pope. Gradually, as has always happened, they attempt in some way to learn the simple secrets which the nobles once knew—the art of living, of ruling, of responsibility towards inferiors, but, above all, that one simple art which always evades them: how to make their family endure, how to educate their children in such a manner that they do not dissipate their inheritance in the space of a few decades, how to establish a tradition of continuity which goes beyond mere self-interest and the individual's caprices, the day-by-day pleasures, and which imposes sacrifices on each person.

How does one survive intact through the vicissitudes of history? How does one live through the centuries? This is the secret which the bourgeoisie will perhaps never discover. Yet, without this secret, one cannot give dignity to public life, cannot encourage the arts, cannot placate man's crude passions. In past centuries the newcomers used to imitate the older models and follow their example. In this century when the ruling class in Italy may eventually come to feel the need at last for learning the ancient civilised arts, the aristocratic families—convinced of their traditions' futility, cut off from the world that created them—shall have utterly forgotten all they knew and no longer have anything to teach.

(Translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal)

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Emily Hahn

"The Situation" in South Africa

THEY were terribly indignant in South Africa, and I suppose they still are, at the London columnist who, when reproached for having come out there with a closed mind, retorted that his mind was not only closed but hermetically sealed. The series of articles he wrote about this chapter of voyaging in his life (one could hardly call it his experience) was declared censored. Or rather it was censored without declaration, and it was impossible for some time thereafter to buy the London *Daily Mirror* in South Africa. Naturally I tried, and so did everybody else.

But then they usually are terribly indignant at somebody, either a visitor from outside or one of themselves. One of the faults of which you cannot accuse South Africans is overweening self-satisfaction. They care very much what is said about them; in fact it is just about the touchiest place I have ever visited, and that includes Portugal. I wasn't at all surprised the other day when the South Africans walked out of the United Nations: that is, I *was* surprised in a way because they hadn't done it long ago, as I was sure they must have done. (I am lamentably vague about the U.N.) A place more calculated to wound their already exacerbated feelings would be hard to imagine. I think sensitivity must be contagious. Certainly while I was in South Africa I was myself unusually touchy —perhaps, however, because I am American, and an American goes there warily. I felt like the kettle accused by the pot of being black, or at least coloured. I had special reason, anyway, for avoiding arguments. Arguments were not my stock-in-trade at the time. I wasn't there as a journalist: I wasn't reporting, as they say, on the South African scene; but it was hard for a much-commented-upon people to believe that.

"What do you think of The Situation?" they kept asking, and I kept replying, "Well, I've only just arrived here."

It didn't satisfy. I knew it wouldn't, but there was nothing else I could say, even when this was no longer strictly true. The fact is that I am not good company in this contentious age. I get no fun out of wrangles for their own sake, and I've never yet known the loser in an argument to be convinced of anything by his loss except that he hasn't put his case strongly enough. But I am in danger of straying off the subject: there was no mere jovial taste for talk behind that question about The Situation. Resentment simmered behind it, ever on the boil. Even those who don't like Nationalist Party policy on *apartheid* and immigration, and there are many of them, are South Africans, which means they are as touchy as the Nats. They asked, too.

NO MATTER what political persuasion a South African may belong to, he is invariably maddened when Rhodesians are held up to him as models in their treatment of the natives. (Incidentally, they are natives, or preferably Natives, or the Bantu—they

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aren't niggers any more: a strong prohibition against that term has crept into daily talk. They aren't Kaffirs either. If you protest, as I once rashly did, that "Bantu" is an anthropological term for only one division of black men, you are slapped down pretty quick. They aren't Africans as they are in the Rhodesias. They are Natives or Bantu, and that is that.) "You ask any Rhodesian what his government has spent on native education," said a Johannesburg man hotly, bursting out to me from his silent perusal of the daily paper. "He'll dodge telling you. They've never spent anything like as much on their native schools as we have. What's more, I don't believe they intend to, in spite of all their talk. I'm fed up with their holier-than-thou attitude, as if they were the only enlightened people on the continent. As it happens, I'm in favour of native education myself, but nobody would think that possible." He paused and brooded. "Criticism seems to have had a souring effect on me," he confessed at last. "I didn't realise how bad it was until I went to a business conference a few months ago in London. Of course it's a painful experience in itself these days, going to London; one can take just so much comment on a subject, and then. . . . At any rate I'd been there about a week when I met this American delegate who's on my mind now. He said casually, 'So you're a South African. I guess you people have quite a situation on your hands, haven't you?' And before I knew what I was doing I'd snarled at him, 'Possibly we have, but we haven't yet got around to shooting our natives for riding in the wrong end of the tram.' I was referring to a newspaper story I'd just read, about one of your Southern states. Well, I've often been ashamed of that since. The poor fellow. Merely being friendly, and suddenly finding himself shot down in flames."

Naturally I met a lot of *apartheid* champions. I met them at parties and in shops; especially in shops. South Africans are chatty folk, more like Americans in that respect than the British, and they believe in conversation with strangers. Discussion was apt to break out any time between other customers and me, or the salesgirls and me, when I was buying a bottle of perfume or an indelible pencil or some such trifle: sometimes it started with comments on the comparative costliness of life in New York or the terrible weather in England, but sooner or later it always got on to The Situation. The perfume-counter girl congratulated me sarcastically on having arrived at such a stirring moment in history, when I could observe what the newspapers abroad called the riots of Johannesburg. She reminded me of what I was apt to forget, that I was right in the middle of the riots. At that time the government was shifting the population of one of the more notorious Johannesburg slums to a new location some miles further away from the city. The population that was being so shifted didn't like the move —I have this information from other whites, naturally; I didn't talk to any of the people actually involved and hold no brief for its authority—because, though the houses they were abandoning were run-down and filthy, they were at least the property, in some cases, of the natives themselves. In the new location all the land and houses belonged to the government and it would be impossible for a native to obtain freehold rights over any of it.

According to anti-Nats, the evacuation was sure to bring on violent scenes of resistance. The police themselves evidently expected trouble. Unexpectedly early, the authorities sprang the operation, twelve hours before it was scheduled. The demonstrators weren't ready and everything went off quietly. The Nats were triumphant, though it was difficult to ascertain whether their triumph was simply that they had got ahead of their foes, or that the docility with which the natives submitted seemingly proved the Nat contention that they were glad to make the move.

"WHAT do you think of The Situation?" I was so busy dodging the question that I never found the time to discover what indeed I did think of it. However, this didn't matter, because a number of people were more than ready to tell me what I thought. A lot of them declared at sight

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of me, without my having uttered a word, that I was prejudiced, arrogant, wrong-headed, and unfair. Everybody from overseas answered to that description, they implied. I didn't understand their problems: I couldn't possibly understand unless I had been born and brought up in South Africa, and clearly it was too late for that. I really ought not to talk at all, they said; not until I had stayed there long enough to see for myself. But that was the trouble with visitors, however well-meaning. They *would* come and take a quick look round for a few days, and then go home and write books.

There were also the people I ran into from time to time who were just as angry with me because I wasn't going to write a book, but they were foreigners, for the most part. These visitors from abroad sometimes seemed as defensive and edgy as the South Africans themselves. That is why I think it must be contagious. I hadn't been there long—I mean, I honestly hadn't been there long—when one of them telephoned me on the strength of an introduction from a friend in Paris.

"How do you like it here? Isn't it awful?" she said.

I said it seemed not at all awful. The place was beautiful; the climate made me feel good; the people, if excitable at times, were charming and friendly; what did she mean, awful? Impatiently she explained that she meant The Situation, of course. Unlike me, she knew exactly what she thought about it, and what the natives thought, too. She had had several long talks about it with her maid.

This made me feel inferior. I hadn't had any long talks with any native at all, and I saw no signs of ever getting any. I hardly knew how to go about it; anyway, as I have already implied, I didn't really have time: it wasn't what I was in South Africa for. Some people can tell you right away what other people think. They report on England after a few conversations with taxi-drivers and waiters, for example, but in Johannesburg there are no native taxi-drivers and I never saw any native waiters, either. There was a native running the lift in my hotel, and every day two natives brought in my morning paper and my breakfast, but though they smiled very pleasantly they never seemed to speak English. I saw natives in the street, ambling along and window-shopping, or lying as cripples on the pavement, begging. They didn't speak English either. I could hardly have accosted the workers who came past me in crocodile formation, just off a factory shift. They were chattering to each other at top speed, but I couldn't understand a word of it. The natives I saw in bookshops sometimes, browsing in hard-cover volumes or buying magazines, talked English all right, but I was sure they would have jumped out of their shoes if I had accosted them with questions about The Situation. I wouldn't want to be accosted in that way myself.

Therefore I was pleased when a non-Nat friend asked me one day to a cocktail party, saying, "Wouldn't you like to meet some natives?" I accepted like a shot. I may have had at the back of my mind some memory of Mde. Simone de Beauvoir and her visit to the United States, when she spent so many fascinating evenings with negroes in New Orleans and the West, seeing an America that I never have seen and never will because I evidently belong to the wrong nation. Or perhaps I didn't; perhaps I was merely curious to know what went on in this unfamiliar country. Anyway I didn't find out, and I had no occasion to compare myself with Mde. de Beauvoir. There were natives at the party, all right. There were lots more whites than there were natives, but they arrived, in a small shy group, and they clung together in a corner until some brisk, kindly ladies and jolly gentlemen winkled them out and by pushing and pulling made them circulate. They talked, when requested, about The Situation. They were probably the only South Africans I met who didn't tell me what I thought of it, but if the truth were known they didn't actually talk very much. There were too many white people telling *them* what they thought. At least I learned that there is one ground on which whites and natives can meet; the uneasy quaking campus that stretches beneath the feet of the intellectuals. Yet in spite of the kind ladies and

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gentlemen, I don't believe that the natives I met at the party were enjoying their sojourn on that ground very much.

I went home thoughtful, and less than ever inclined to decide what I thought of The Situation. My conscience kept nagging me. One must take sides, it said: the urge to take sides ought to conquer, long before one has collected data. If I thought I could get out of it merely because I didn't know enough about the matter. . . .

"I'm not merely collecting data," I replied sharply, "though certainly the more I can collect the better, on general principles. Stop telling me to decide, will you? I'm not here to take sides. There are more than enough people doing it already."

Conscience went on muttering but said nothing very clear.

One day I went on a sightseeing tour of a goldmine. I was taken from my lodgings by a young PRO who, after a long season of escorting visitors like me, was feeling slightly groggy. He admitted as much. I must have been groggy too; at any rate, after so many weeks of vociferous comment on the part of all my acquaintances, I found his silence worrying. Goodness knew what was going on in that head, I thought. We drove almost without words toward the office where he was to pick up his instructions for the day. At last I spoke.

"Well," I said brightly, "and what do you think of The Situation?"

He didn't answer for a moment or two; then he said that he would rather not talk about it if I didn't mind. I said, fervently, that I didn't mind at all. At the office he had a few words in my presence with the man higher up, and learned that he was to proceed first to the local hotel and fetch another sightseer before going on to the mine. The higher-up official said that he believed the new sightseer to be a visiting reformer from Great Britain. "A Methodist minister, I've been told," he added.

"Oh," said the PRO in a certain tone of voice. The two men looked at each other, but no more was said.

The Methodist proved to be a tall, spectacled man who looked weary and explained that he had been travelling for several weeks, all over Africa, and that he felt this chance to go down a mine was an opportunity not to be missed. That was nearly all he did say. He asked very few questions on the way, and he threatened to dry up completely when we were handed over to our guide for the day and the PRO made his temporary departure. The guide was a large, burly man with an Afrikaans name, one of the assistant managers of the mine. Shepherding trips of inspection like ours is part of the job in organisations like his and the men are used to them, but I never expect them to be pleased with the task, and our guide's somewhat dour countenance did not surprise me. At least he was polite, and he was obviously making an effort to be cheery. There was the customary confusion at the beginning while we were fitted out with clothing to put on over our own. Alone in a bleak, disinfected locker-room I pulled on coveralls and rubber boots: I was quick at it, and came out before the Methodist made his appearance. I joined the guide near the hoisting gear.

"I understand our friend in there is one of these reforming ministers," he said in growling tones. "Come here to collect material for his sermons for the next year, no doubt. If these fellows had any idea of the harm they do!"

As at the push of a button I murmured that I hadn't been in South Africa very long and couldn't say. The Methodist joined us and we duly went underground. It had not been a promising beginning, but as things turned out it was one of the most interesting days I spent in the country. There I was with, not one, but two spectacles to observe: the mine and my companions. I always like mines, so that was all right. As for the guide talking at the Methodist, he was fascinating. I kept waiting for an explosion, but he never quite crossed the border. Yet hardly five minutes would go by that he didn't shoot some shaft or impart a heavily underscored message to whom it might concern.

"These lifts are operated with every pos-

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sible safety device," he told us as we descended. "You've noticed, probably, that we didn't start down until we'd rung the signal bell in code, and received the same signal back. There is no chance of going down until everything is safe and clear. We have the best system the world offers: you won't find anything to beat it in the most up-to-date mines of America, and it goes without saying they've nothing as good in the U.K. Or for that matter," he added, glaring in the dim light of his miner's lamp at the Methodist, "in the Congo, for all the Federation talks so much about protecting the native. We have Belgians coming here all the time to get tips for safety measures." He paused as if for reply. The Methodist remarked that he hadn't been in any mines in the Congo.

"We safeguard our men," insisted the guide.

LANDED, we watched a crew handling explosives and listened to another lecture, delivered in accusing tones, on the care exercised by the authorities over all mine workers. We saw a rock-drill at work, too delicate an operation for natives, evidently. We saw loading carried on near a rock-face that had just been blasted. We were told of the ingenious system of ventilation that carried off the fumes of the blasting. I say "we," but actually none of this information was aimed at me. The guide had assumed from the start that I wasn't worth convincing. He threw his great aggressive chunks of lecture at the Methodist exclusively. Deeper and deeper we went and all the time the guide talked, until at last when we had seen more or less everything, we halted in an electrically-lit, whitewashed cave near the skip-shaft for his final words.

He outlined the method by which the workers were selected. He emphasised that natives liked to work in the mine, and that labour supply was never a problem for this reason. He spoke of wages and welfare work, of schools and hospitals for workers' families, but these last he mentioned grudgingly; it was plain that he didn't think much of them. All the while his listener remained courteously attentive, his spectacles glittering intelligently.

"Jim Fish is a good fellow," said the guide impressively in peroration. "Treated the right way, he's the best fellow there is. But you've got to know how to treat him. You've got to live with him to understand. He's a savage when all's said and done. He's got the mind of a child. He's not like you or me with our generations of civilisation behind us. Try to manage him as if he were a European and he doesn't understand. That's what your do-gooders and progressives never appreciate." He paused, peering at the Methodist to make sure his words were hitting home. "If you give Jim Fish a job to do and a place to sleep and enough to eat, he'll be happy as a king. Give him ideas, and you make him miserable. Miserable! He doesn't want the responsibility. Leave him alone, he's the salt of the earth. Educate him and he's ruined. I know these people. I've grown up with them and I know. You'll never do them any good and you're bound to do harm, stirring them up."

He turned and stomped into the waiting lift, and we trotted meekly after him.

The Methodist and I were left alone for a few minutes, after we had shed our protective clothing and before the car arrived. I looked at him brightly and expectantly. It was now or never, I thought, that he might utter. He did utter, but it wasn't much that he said:

"That's all very well, but one's got to reckon with the rest of the world. You can't stop developments from crossing the border into South Africa. You really can't."

This seemed to me remarkably mild from a reformer, but before I had time to angle for more the PRO's car drove up. We took the Methodist back to his hotel and went on to my destination.

"By the way," said the PRO. "We had the wrong briefing on that chap; I found out after I'd left you at the mine. He's not a Methodist minister at all, he's somebody's cousin. We get the minister tomorrow."

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The Phoenix

As great as earth with child or sun with fire, the dawn
Of his life breaks. Annunciation cancels the cold
Nest of ashes where he lies dead. Now the winged spawn
Of love's hot mystery grows young while we grow old.
If sudden or slow agony, if sleep or pain
Find out the fire, choke the source and drown the man
Then in that limp shell may the busy princes reign,
May the bee suck and the slow sun kindle another man.
In the heart's red image of feast and flame
The cool, arterial wine rots in the house of his name.

As busily as stars gnawing the hot earth of heaven
He pecks his grave, greedy again to be born.
Cold ashes that were his death are now his leaven
Raising the flesh once more to bleed upon a thorn
And share his limbs into the infinite mouth
Of human kind to feed the hunger of that fire
Where spirit melts and merges into the hazardous truth
And man and God burn with one desire.
Love's gain and loss, the heavy claims of earth,
The mortgage of all living kind cannot escape his birth.

With one desire heart breaks and angels fall,
God dies and man corrupts: who knows the remedy?
The stars recede, the elements increase, and small
And weak as grass we and our citadels decay.
As we prosper something dies without a cry,
A child that chokes in the womb; unseen calamities
That haunt the docks and derricks, the rich quay,
The markets, factories, all monuments of avarice.
Trading among the continents the cunning Ulysses
Grows rich while elsewhere he, the willing soldier, dies.

Ambiguous the dead to live again, the living to live
On dying: who can puzzle it? That yet our lips
Without horror his flesh and blood gladly receive.
Bearing him to distant war go the grey ships.
Money like rain slakes the parched roots of the state
And metal magnifies the glory of man's fear and greed.
Who rises from the city planted with our hate?
Who rises from the ashes, who on ashes feed?
Who dares to venture in the mortal flame
And bear once more the torture of man's name?

Richard Selig

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Bertram D. Wolfe

The Case of the Litvinov Diary

A True Literary Detective Story

SINCE a consideration of Litvinov's *Notes for a Journal** involves the reputation and professional judgment of a historian, two publishers, the vendor of the manuscript, and a defenceless dead man, the writer feels that it is his duty to tell what he knows about the circumstances surrounding the book's publication.

Some time in 1952 or early 1953, Gregory Bessedovsky, former Soviet diplomat resident in Paris, approached officials of various governments and publishing houses, with the manuscript of a diary of the recently deceased Maxim Litvinov (died 1951). At the suggestion of a high official of the British Foreign Office, the English publisher, André Deutsch, enlisted the services of Edward Hallett Carr to investigate the manuscript's authenticity. After reading the Russian typescript, Professor Carr encouraged Deutsch to go ahead with the book, and undertook to go to Paris for further checking. There he picked up the following trail: Gregory Bessedovsky, who offered the book for sale, said he had it from a Mr. X, a Russian businessman in Paris ("politically colourless"), who had it from a Mr. Y, resident in Stockholm, who had it from Alexandra Kollontay, who had it from Litvinov. Mr. X proved of no interest; Mr. Y refused to come to Paris or to meet Professor Carr in Stockholm, but consented to answer questions in writing "given to Bessedovsky." Kollontay was dead, Litvinov was dead. That left Gregory Bessedovsky as the only direct source of information.

Professor Carr wrote an interim report giving it as his conclusion that the manuscript "has a *prima facie* claim to be regarded as authentic, and a serious historical document." If Mr. Y should answer his written questions satisfactorily, Carr would be willing to write a signed introduction and supply notes. If not, he still thought the diary should be published, would give Deutsch help and advice, but would withhold the use of his name. Carr received satisfactory answers, wrote an introduction, and either prepared or gave advice on the preparation of notes.

It was at this point that the writer of these lines was brought into the affair by an American publisher as Carr had been brought in by the British house. The publisher, whose name does not matter since he ultimately decided against publication, received a microfilm of the Russian typescript, a history of the manuscript thus far, and a copy of the Carr interim report.

The diary consisted of a microfilm of a hundred typewritten sheets, typed in Russian,

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* *Maxim Litvinov: Notes for a Journal.* Introduction by E. H. Carr. London, André Deutsch. 18s.

Ibid. With Introduction by E. H. Carr and Prefatory Note by General Walter Bedell Smith. New York, William Morrow & Company. $3.75.

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with not a single handwritten alteration or correction. The only handwritten word in the one hundred microfilm frames was a hand-drawn Chinese character, of which more later. The entries were scrappy and disjointed. Many were fragments of sentences ending in three dots. Some bore a date, usually only a year, or a year and one or more months. Page 1 of the microfilm began with what is now the second entry in the book, the first entry has somehow been added later. The microfilm began with "May–June, 1926" and ended vaguely in the year 1936, about three-quarters of the book as it now appears. I was subsequently to learn that the hundred-frame microfilm had been sold earlier to a government official as the "complete diary."

I HAD long known that Litvinov was secretly alienated from Stalin by the blood purges which had claimed all of his chief assistants and intimates in the Foreign Office and Embassies of the world, narrowly missing Litvinov himself. Another diplomat whom I knew to be deeply disaffected was Alexandra Kollontay. At the end of the Second World War, Litvinov had tried to hint to one of our high officials that America was engaging in dangerous appeasement of Soviet demands which might later lead to another war. When the official failed to take the hint, Litvinov had braved death to call in Richard C. Hottelet, one of our most respected journalists and commentators: using scarcely veiled "Aesopian language," he had made the warning more explicit. I knew that Hottelet had advised American diplomatic officers, but had honourably refrained from publishing a word of his "scoop," until 1951 when natural death, that most unnatural of deaths for an Old Bolshevik, had put Litvinov out of danger. With this background in mind, I approached the Diary with eagerness and a predisposition to believe in its authenticity.

The opening pages were not reassuring. The diary began with the first of a series of visits from a Jewish rabbi, Schechtman, who comes to Litvinov as one Jew to another to complain that the League of the Godless had looted two synagogues and arrested the Rabbi of Kiev on charges of currency speculation. Litvinov promises to intervene although he knows that "Koba [Stalin] doesn't like me to interfere in questions concerning the Jewish religion." The last time he tried to help non- or anti-Bolshevik Jews, Stalin "threatened to bring the matter to the attention of the Central Control Commission . . . I couldn't help smiling at the threat; Soltz, the head of the C.C.C., is the son of the Rabbi of Vilna."

Thus the opening passage presented Litvinov as a philosemitic Jew, ready to defend any and every Jew against his government and his Party. The same un-Communist Jewish solidarity is attributed to the fanatical head of the Central Control Commission, Soltz. Actually, both Litvinov and Soltz had rejected their Jewish heritage in their youth. Their Jewish origin tended to make them more rather than less hostile towards religious and anti-Communist Jews. But such passages, in which all the Jews in the Communist camp are portrayed as holding with each other and with non- and anti-Communist Jews against the Party, are scattered through the diary. The Jewish Kaganovich gives it as his opinion that " all Jewish members of the Party should be Trotsky's declared and convinced enemies." In the late twenties Litvinov is portrayed as getting interested (because "as a Jew he had no right to refuse assistance") in protecting Zionists in Russia against being persecuted, arrested, and deported to Siberia. In actual fact, Zionism was outlawed as early as 1919, and all known Zionists were either dead or in Siberia before the diary opens. I realised that I was dealing with something which I have frequently met in French boulevard "revelations": the "international Jewish conspiracy."

I opened my report to the American publisher with this observation. He in turn sent it to the British publisher, who may or may not have sent it to Bessedovsky and Carr. At any rate, when the book appeared, none of these passages was excised, but the first journal entry on Schechtman had mysteriously become the second journal entry. Professor

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Carr, who writes that the "problem of authenticity was further complicated after my return to London by the receipt of another instalment . . . the whole section from 1937 onward," has nothing to say on this receipt of a new first entry, except to observe that "the conversation with Trotsky and Yoffe in 1926 with which the Journal opens . . . shows an intimate knowledge of party affairs."

WITHOUT stopping to check, I read the microfilm through from end to end, but could not find so much as a line that was in Litvinov's style. To be sure he was never much of a writer nor a theoretician, but we have from his hand and pen and tongue a multitude of speeches, prepared and extempore; interviews with the press; articles; pamphlets; reminiscences; memoranda, diplomatic and semi-diplomatic notes; open letters, political letters, purely personal letters. The style of all of them is distinguished by directness, simplicity, bordering on artlessness, frankness and explicitness insofar as creed, overriding instructions, and special pleading permitted. And always there was a sort of workmanlike clarity. Not a line in all these hundred microfilm pages (nor in the additional material which bobbed up later), not even by imitation or accident, was in Maxim Litvinov's public or private style. Not a hint of his showmanship and public triumphs at Geneva, in Washington, or at the League of Nations. Litvinov once remarked to an intimate: "The idea of collective security, the formulation, *Peace is indivisible*, and the definition of aggression and the aggressor are perhaps my contribution to the abstract science of peace." When he advanced these "contributions" they were part of the fraudulent peace campaigns of the Soviet Union, but that he had increasingly come to believe in them as ends in themselves and as his real contribution to his country and his time is proved by his hazardous interview with Dick Hottelet. With false pathos, as the diary draws to a close, Litvinov writes: "All my life is in these notes . . . And my work . . . Some day history will pass its judgment . . ."* Yet there is nothing in the diary of that which Litvinov had come to feel was his life's real contribution.

In his introduction, Professor Carr suggests that the "conspicuous incoherence of the document, and the abrupt changes of mood and style, are perhaps an argument in its favor." "It is difficult," he adds, "to avoid the hypothesis that at least two hands have been at work on the document." But the question remains whether there is any reason for believing that one of these "two hands" was Litvinov's. If style is the man, then somewhere, either by studied imitation or by accident, the man Litvinov should appear in these pages. In my report to the American publisher I wrote:

> These papers are not from Litvinov's hand. He did not have so scrappy, banal, and trivial a mind. They are totally devoid of Bolshevik feeling, even of the feelings of a disillusioned Bolshevik. They do not note any of the victories he must have been proud of, nor show any grasp of the fundamentals of the subjects he had on his finger-tips, nor express any of his basic attitudes. They are a kind of miscellany of plausible secondary details such as any minor subaltern in the Foreign Commissariat might have picked up through gossip, newspaper stories, and occasional limited direct experience. It is impossible to believe that all the great events of the years 1926 to 1936 should yield only such tenth-rate trivia in the comments of a man in such a key position. It is impossible to believe that a man so strategically placed could have known so little about the major events in his party and in international affairs, or have troubled to dictate or note down such unimportant details concerning them. The style is nowhere the style of Litvinov's writings or conversation or speeches.

Then whose hand, or hands, had written it? Whose style or touch might be recognised? Available to me were the same clues as were available to Professor Carr, except that I could not interview Bessedovsky, or Mr. X, or write to Mr. Y. So the search led

* The three dots (. . .) do not represent omissions by the present writer, but are in the microfilm and text as published. Where the writer makes omissions, to distinguish them from the series of three dots which are scattered throughout the diary as if from a pepper-shaker, three dashes (———) will be used.

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me to a study of the writings of Gregory Bessedovsky.

I BEGAN with the peculiar fact that on page 11 of the microfilm, the diarist-Litvinov had taken the trouble to draw a Chinese ideograph. Litvinov knew no Chinese; drawing or brushing in ideographs is a complicated business—more incredible is it still to remember a single ideograph's design from the year 1926 to the time the diary was dictated or typed. According to the diary, Karakhan, Soviet Ambassador to China, was ignorant of Chinese despite his vainglorious pretensions to the contrary. Mao Tse-tung is pictured as having been in Moscow in 1926 (there is ample proof that he was not) in order to consult with Russian leaders. He delivers an address in halting Russian, and when he gets stuck, draws a Chinese ideograph to represent the word "eloquence," whereupon Karakhan volunteers the translation "wooden mouth."*

On page 141 of Bessedovsky's *Revelations of a Soviet Diplomat* (Norgate, London, 1931) the author tells that during the year 1927 while he was in Japan he studied the Japanese language. Japanese has the same written characters as Chinese. "Every day I learned a half-dozen hieroglyphs." On page 149 he tells how he made a laughable mistake due to a confusion of ideographs, which led him to address a prince as "your imperial electricity" when he meant to say "your imperial highness." It was the clue I was looking for. It led me to a number of additional discoveries of which I cite only a few:

1. On pages 36–7 Litvinov makes an estimate of the Soviet diplomat Dogalevsky. The passage is an adaptation of page 163 of Bessedovsky.

2. On page 36 Litvinov notes the "filthy habits" (now translated "bad habits") of his chief Chicherin, who works all night, plays the piano at every hour of the day or night, makes Litvinov come to see him at 2 a.m. and is then playing Chopin. It would be highly improbable that as late as May 1926 Litvinov should have noted these well-known habits in one of his first diary entries, for he would have been used to them for years, as was everyone who dealt with Chicherin. But it is less unnatural that Bessedovsky should mention them in his first reference to Chicherin, whose habits he knew only from gossip. Actually pp. 14–15 of Litvinov are an adaptation of Bessedovsky, pp. 93–5. Moreover, the diary has Litvinov say: "Chopin is his favorite, and he has no use for any other composer———." Litvinov would have known that Chicherin's favourite composer was Mozart.

3. Litvinov is unaccountably ignorant of or silent on all the great things that happened to him and in which he participated. There is no evidence here that he ever interviewed Herriot, Stresemann, Blum, Roosevelt, Hull, Sumner Welles, that he negotiated and signed so many important treaties, that he was a star performer at the League of Nations, that he got reports on what was going on in all the capitals of the world, and visited many of them. Big things never enter these pages, or poor Litvinov learns some trivial rumours concerning them at second or third hand, and is bewildered or old-maidishly indignant. Yet, there is a peculiarly disproportionate knowledge of trivial scandals from a few of the world's capitals, almost always learned from a third party, as some minor official in the foreign service might have learned it.

Why were certain capitals covered with such frequent allusions and detailed gossip, while others, no less important, are never even mentioned? Why was it that even those places that were frequently alluded to unaccountably attracted Litvinov's interest for a certain period, then disappeared altogether? For a while there are trivia from Warsaw. Bessedovsky was in a minor post in Warsaw from September 1923 to October 1925. The

* The ideograph itself has been omitted from the published version of the "Journal" but the reference to it can be found on pages 30–31 of the English edition, and pages 36–37 of the American edition. Hereafter, for simplicity, I shall quote only the pagination of the English edition, but both are provided with indexes so that an owner of the American edition can easily find the corresponding pages.

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reports which Litvinov receives from and about "Viktor" (Viktor Kopp) in Japan coincide with Bessedovsky's year in Japan, and resemble pp. 131–5 and 137–40 of Bessedovsky's book. Litvinov receives news from Harbin that danger threatens Soviet possession of the Chinese-Eastern Railway. Bessedovsky's book reveals that he was in Harbin at the end of 1927 "to see what was happening in the territory of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, and to have some conversations with its Soviet staff."

4. Bessedovsky spent some time in the Soviet Embassy in Paris under Dogalevsky, until his defection. The details of Dogalevsky's life, appearance and ways, Rakovsky's difficulties in Paris, the circumstances of his recall, and all the spicy revelations about "Athenian nights" and the "orgies" and moral lapses of Soviet officials in Paris are closely paralleled in Bessedovsky's book. By suggestive coincidence, Litvinov's interest in a capital and his knowledge of the underworld aspects of Soviet diplomatic life and of the life of that capital's statesmen, agree in point of time with Bessedovsky's stay in those capitals, and seems to ebb when Bessedovsky moves on. After Bessedovsky's break with the Soviet Foreign Office, the book, to cite Professor Carr, "becomes markedly inferior in interest."

5. In various parts of the diary there is talk of the Soviet Ambassador to Japan, Viktor Kopp, a morals quarrel, and the need to recall Kopp. This is a reworking of Bessedovsky, pp. 131–5. But at this point, Litvinov's otherwise perfect memory for names fails him. Writes Litvinov:

> To Tokyo has been appointed a quite young worker from the Ukraine, a member of the Ukrainian Central Executive. What a strange idea to send as a diplomat to Japan a Ukrainian.
>
> I looked up the name of the Ukrainian. It was . . . Gregory Bessedovsky!

6. The diary is unusually tireless in its repeating of first name and patronymic every time a personage is mentioned. For Jews there is unaccountably a special procedure which is totally un-Russian, Litvinov setting down only their patronymics without their first names. Thus Lev Davidovich Trotsky is called Davidovich, and Adolf Abramovich Yoffee is called Abramovich. Unlike other diarists, Litvinov does not resort to initials even on the tenth mention. But on page 59, there is the same singular failure to note a name altogether: "The new *chargé d'affaires* to Paris received instructions directly from Koba. That is monstrous. . . ."

The name of the *chargé d'affaires* turned out to be . . . Bessedovsky! He tells his story of his direct interview with Koba-Stalin on pp. 190–2 of his own book.

This coyness with the name of Bessedovsky seems to be contagious. In his interim report, Professor Carr wrote to André Deutsch: "I have had two long meetings with Bessedovsky." But in his Introduction to the book, Professor Carr writes:

> I visited Paris . . . in an attempt to obtain detailed and accurate information about the manuscript's provenance. According to statements to me. . . .

The name of Bessedovsky has disappeared! Since there are only three people in the supposed chain of "provenance" who had names and knowledge of diplomatic affairs and two of them, Litvinov and Kollontay, are dead, one would have supposed that Carr would at least have put the reader on notice that Bessedovsky had played the key rôle in the transmission of and vouching for the manuscript. More particularly since Bessedovsky was the agent for another dubious manuscript: *My Uncle Joseph Stalin*, by Budu Svanidze, whom Boris Souvarine proved to be a non-existent person, after Bessedovsky had written a foreword to the American and British editions of that work in which he was the sole attestant of the existence of the non-existent Budu and the sole voucher for the authenticity of his book.*

To make matters still worse, Professor Carr a few pages later (page 11) actually uses the Russian edition of the Bessedovsky book

* See *Bulletin de l'Association d'Etudes et d'Informations Politiques Internationales*. May 1953, Nos. 88 and 89.

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which I have been quoting to prove the truthfulness of a dubious passage in the diaries! To put it mildly, Professor Carr has been less than candid with his readers in concealing the chief name in the chain of "provenance." But when he uses Bessedovsky's *Na Putyakh k Termidory* to silence the reader's doubt of the passage on Benes, I prefer not to try to qualify his procedure.

TO PREVENT refutation, the author of the Litvinov diary cannily omits any of Litvinov's conversations with still-living statesmen. He tells slanderous things concerning Benes, concerning Pilsudski (whose political differences with Paderewski are traced to a quarrel as to who should get into the bathroom first at the Hotel Belvedere), concerning all the dead Russian leaders who can no longer speak for themselves.

If in every line there are things which the real Litvinov could not have thought or said, on every page there are absurdities and evidences of an ignorance which a man so highly placed could not have shared. Professor Carr records a few of these to suggest that "at least two hands" composed the diary, but he by no means picks the most ridiculous and impossible. But where should one begin, without repeating everything and writing a super-book of refutation? We shall have to content ourselves with a random sampling.

There is Zoya Mossina who has more space in these pages than Roosevelt, Bullit, Hull, Welles, Herriot, Blum, and all the other statesmen Litvinov knew put together. She is a character in a scandal sheet *feuilleton* endowed with the name of the Secretary of the Communist cell in the Soviet Commissariat of Foreign Relations. On page 38 she has the cell compel Litvinov to give classes in English to the members of the Foreign Office. On page 40, Yagoda, the dread acting head of the Secret Police, orders the hairdresser's shop in the Foreign Commissariat to close because there is too much talk while people are in barber chairs and there may be leaks. Mossina gets Stalin to overrule Yagoda so as not to interfere with "Socialist competition among the hairdressers." On pages 135 ff. Zoya is running for re-election. There is a real campaign, balloting, stuffed ballot boxes or unregistered and unqualified voters. Placards on the wall accuse Zoya of "encouraging abortions." The Politburo tries to defeat her, but she gets re-elected anyhow. Molotov intervenes, then Stalin, who sends Zoya off to a concentration camp. Stalin's wife, Alliluyeva, who seems to be having a Lesbian affair with Zoya (suggested on p. 150), tries to get her out, and failing, commits suicide.

This is a fair picture of the level of most of the historical inside information. Kalinin impresses Ambassador Davies with his homespun quality ("he was priceless . . . he even picked his nose to show his peasant origins"). Yagoda's fall is traced to the fact that he failed to prevent someone from putting up a sign in his name ordering people to "commit no nuisance" on the walls of a house in which Molotov "spent three days" (p. 204). An ambassador of a foreign power is seduced by ballerinas who are Cheka operatives and "Yezhov [chief of the secret police] listens-in himself (through a bedroom microphone) —the ambassador yelps like a rabbit when he enjoys himself with our ballerinas . . . so far the only case of collaboration of the NKVD and the capitalist world . . ." (p. 220). Top Party leaders who are about to be "confessed" and purged are brought to Yezhov's office with their wives, who are undressed and when naked are threatened with rape by Yezhov's special agent for raping, an ugly, hunchbacked, giant syphilitic. They are softened by a sample raping, in the presence of Yezhov and his victims, of the eighteen-year-old daughter of one of them (p. 228). Bubnov has his son baptised and Kaganovich has his son circumcised (p. 73). Litvinov was always opposed to the split between Bolsheviks and Social Democrats and there would be world Socialist unity were it not for Lenin's "fanaticism of his crazy scrap with Adler, Kautsky, Renner, Renaudel (p. 49). (This "scrap," as both the author of the diary and the historian who introduces it could have ascertained, was about the attitude towards the First World War. Litvinov him-

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self wrote letters and reports boasting of his rôle in bringing about the split at a wartime conference, where he was Lenin's emissary.)

Trotsky's secret masonic activities are studied by the Secret Police (p. 75). (Trotsky wrote his first attack on masonry during his first jail term while he was still a mere youth, and had a hand in the expulsion of French Communists from their Party because they would not leave the Masons.) Mussolini asks for the Order of Lenin (p. 66). Trotsky's sister, who is Kamenev's wife, hints that Kamenev was once intimate with Mussolini's wife (p. 66). Stalin is wedded to the use of the Secret Police because otherwise as a Georgian he might be deported from Russia (p. 82). Voznesensky opposes Varga and "his appreciation of the international economic situation has always been correct" (p. 153). This entry is dated when Voznesensky was just turning twenty-eight and barely out of his graduate student days.

THE most deplorable feature of this collection of trivia, absurdities, and salacious backstairs scandals is that they are solemnly provided with all the externals of scholarship: an introduction by a historian of repute, appendices, a bibliography of Litvinov's works, and innumerable footnotes. Typical of the use of footnotes is the following:

> Koba has a new passion: the sister . . . There are rumors about young . . . [who shares this new passion's sexual favors with Koba]. If Koba found out there would be a tragedy. He is temperamentally unable to share anything . . . Budyenny was simply a drunken n.c.o. when he killed his wife . . . Koba is different . . . If Alliluyeva keeps up her scenes in public he may. . . .

To this passage is attached a note *re* Budyenny:

> Budyenny, Semen Mikhailovich, Marshall, leading Soviet cavalry expert, Commissar for Defence in 1940.

Again we learn that "Koba's liaison with the actress was broken off after he had been told of her amorous adventures in Tiflis with Kinkhadze." To which a footnote is appended: "Kinkhadze, Chief of Georgian heavy industry, then Foreign Minister of Georgia." And when Litvinov is rusticated, he describes his wooden house as having a cock on the roof, to which is appended the footnote: "Cock on the Roof. Common form of decoration on peasant houses in Russia. Originates from an old superstition that the cock chases away evil spirits." Such are the uses of scholarship.

THERE are three questions of importance touched on in the diary: the purges; the Chinese Revolution; the secret relations between the Red Army and the Reichswehr. About the purges Litvinov knows nothing. He hears gossip from third parties, gets the dates of trials and executions wrong, worries about the Jews among the victims, and the possible rape of his daughter by the NKVD's rape-specialist inquisitor. His diary tells us much less than any published account, and what it does tell is trivial and poverty-stricken invention.

On the Reichswehr, on which Litvinov could have told much that is secret, we get the absurd debate with himself (p. 36) as to whether to withdraw General Freiherr Kurt von Hammerstein from active service in Germany because "we need a military adviser in Mongolia. We will pay him in Tsarist style even though we are Bolsheviks. We will satisfy the imperial Reichsofficer." Actually, at that moment Hammerstein was nothing less than Chief of Staff of the Third Command. A little later he was made Deputy Chief of Staff of the entire Reichswehr. Even if he were a secret agent, is it likely that Russia would have withdrawn him from that key position? And though they had paid him "in Tsarist style," it is hard to picture Hammerstein giving up such a post to go to Mongolia.

On the Chinese Revolution, all the dates are wrong, often by several years; all the Chinese leaders who are in the public eye today are made top men back in 1926–7 when they were mere underlings, and everything is drowned in the usual brew of silly gossip. I

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have documented this elsewhere* and will limit myself here to one major bit of "inside" misinformation.

As the diary opens, on "the third Saturday in May" (one of the few exact dates appearing in it), the Russians are holding a conference in Moscow with Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Li Ta-chao "to get rid of Chiang Kai-shek either physically or politically." Here we have a crowded nest of anachronisms. Mao Tse-tung was still a minor Kuo Min-tang official in Yunnan; his association with Chu Teh was still several years away; all three of them were outranked by many Chinese Communist leaders later to be purged; we know the real names of the Chinese leaders who were in Moscow for consultation in 1926. More important, Chiang Kai-shek, also Moscow-trained, was at that moment the hope of all the Russian Communist leaders. His armies did not yet control China, but only one province out of eighteen. The chief Soviet concern was to back him to the limit so that he might begin what was to become his famous sweep to the North. Litvinov pictures Stalin as wanting to destroy Chiang when he controlled only one-eighteenth of China's provinces, because Stalin had to assume a "false revolutionary pose" under the pressure of "opposition attacks by Radek and Trotsky." But actually, we have two speeches on the Chinese Question by Stalin for 1926, and they contain no hint of his future "revolutionary pose." He rebukes a young disciple named Mif, not an oppositionist, for proposing peasant Soviets, and he calls for "support of the Canton Army, inspired by an idea, the idea of the struggle against imperialism, heartened by the passion which will bring about the emancipation of China" and overwhelm "the counter-revolutionary Northern armies." Finally, there was no disagreement or opposition criticism for another year on this score, so that in 1927 Stalin could remind his critics that "you too supported and were in full agreement with this tactic and your criticism is an afterthought."

PROFESSOR CARR tells us that if the diary is a forgery its "motive is commercial, not political . . . the author appears as in many respects ambivalent in his judgments, and in particular in his attitude to Stalin. This gives the document, whether genuine or not, a certain value for the historian."

The first purpose of the forgery mill that has its headquarters in France and branches in England, Germany, the United States, and perhaps other countries, is undoubtedly to make money. When we total up the number of first serialisations, publications in France, England, Germany, more rarely in the United States, Italy, and Latin America, and the substantial sums paid by American magazines for options which, after investigation, they generally do not exercise, I am convinced that the industry is profitable. But I fail to comprehend why a forgery is any more valuable to the historian if its motive is profit, or its forged passages, whether through laziness or design, "ambivalent."

But they have a political function as well, though it is harder to pin down. On the surface, all these "revelations" that fill the vacuum left by Soviet secrecy would appear to be anti-Soviet. They are anti-Soviet in a vulgar, spicy, boulevard scandal-sheet fashion: full or orgies, lechery, international Jewish conspiracies, random sadistic cruelties, evidence that the Soviet leadership need not be taken seriously. But virtually all of them, and the Litvinov papers no less than the others, serve a directly opposite purpose in certain large issues. The real cruelties and orgies always concern subordinates, particularly those already dead. But, despite a certain capriciousness, Stalin turns out to be a tower of strength, a man of foresight, a good father, a good Georgian, husband, or uncle, a simple lover of Georgian foods, wines, songs, a man who knows the masses as no other Soviet leader, and the possessor of various other average citizen's qualities which tend to normalise and humanise the total state and its dictator. All the great black mysteries of his life are cleared up. Rudzutak is purged for moral reasons (p. 192); Stalin does not

* *New Leader*, New York, August 1st, 1955.

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know whom Yezhov is going to arrest and even Stalin has to give in to Yezhov (p. 230); Stalin shows concern for Piatakov in his illness and even sends him honey (p. 19) so that if Piatakov was purged there must have been good reason; Benes really deserved his fate since he himself wrote a letter which showed that he was "anti-Soviet" and which "unfortunately proved genuine," and "claimed that he could bring about a *coup d'état* in Moscow"; the Soviet Generals really did plot to betray Russia to Hitler, and their purge, which Litvinov places in the wrong year, is suggested to have headed off a military coup; Rosengoltz confesses to Litvinov his own, Smilga's, and Piatakov's guilt; the Stalin-Hitler Pact is justified in a dozen separate places (pp. 256, 261, 262, 264, 265, 271), although the "ambivalent" Litvinov was dead against it; in fact his "ambivalence" always ends with his testifying that Stalin was much wiser than he; in short, "this man has nerves of steel . . . is what our country and our age need . . . never loses his temper . . . is a cynic but his knowledge of the masses is undeniable . . . is wiser than us all . . . slept under the same roof with the people whom Ilyich idealized . . . knows what is good for them . . . and for Russia."

The third, and to my way of thinking, the most important rôle played by this species of literature, at least in France where it is a booming business, is that by a sort of literary and historical Gresham's Law, these spicy, disjointed, bemusing, bedtime story concoctions tend to drive out of circulation the more serious studies of the secretive and real nature of the Soviet system. Statesmen who will not labour to master Stalin's "Mein Kampf" any more than they did Hitler's, take Litvinov's diary on their airplane journeys to conferences with the Russians and recommend them to subordinates as a means of understanding the real nature of the Soviet system. They are easier to write than serious Soviet studies, and certainly easier to read. Professor Carr finds the present volume "the most sensational of its kind yet published" and feels that it "makes a useful contribution to our understanding of the conditions in which Soviet policy was framed and conducted in these years and of the attitude of those concerned." The answer to this view is best put in the words of the historian who reviewed the book for *The Times Literary Supplement* of September 9th, 1955: "This book adds to our understanding of Soviet affairs and of Litvinov's personality about as much as a forged banknote adds to our wealth."

The Old Women

Go sad or sweet or riotous with beer
Past the old women gossiping by the hour,
They'll fix on you from every close and pier
An acid look will make your veins run sour.

"No help," they say: "his grandfather that's dead
Was troubled with the same dry-throated curse,
And many a night he made the ditch his bed.
This blood comes gushing from the same mad source."

On every kind of merriment they frown.
But I have known a grey-eyed sober boy
Sail to the lobsters in a storm, and drown.

Over his dripping body on the stones
Those same old hags would weave into their moans
An undersong of terrible holy joy.

George Mackay Brown

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J. Maclaren-Ross

The Bird Man

NOBODY seemed to know how old Giaousé was, and his surname too had long been forgotten; but for at least thirty years he'd lived in the abandoned windmill whose broken sails could be seen over the hillcrest above the village nine miles from Nice, alone except for the birds that were his pride and joy, and —unwillingly—his livelihood.

The windmill, overgrown with moss outside, had a heavy oaken door, hanging askew on its hinges and never completely closed. Inside, it consisted of one large high-ceilinged room, furnished with a home-made table and chair, a charcoal brazier, and a candle stuck in a bottle. Long dark cylinders of smoked sausage and strips of stockfish hung from the rafters overhead: on the stone floor below them was the mattress on which Giaousé stretched himself by day and slept by night. To enter the windmill, which few people—except myself at the age of thirteen—were allowed to do, was like coming into an aviary. The air was vibrant with bird-song, twittering, cooing, and the flutter of wings; for the birds were allowed to fly freely about the room, entering their cages only when Giaousé bade them do so at bedtime: except for those not fully trained, which hopped about behind bars until they'd learnt better.

The walls were lined completely with cages in a double row, as other rooms might be with bookshelves; some, housing very special birds, were hung higher up, on nails. One of these contained a blue jay, whose harsh scream struck an occasional discord in the general symphony. There had once been a parrot; but this had somehow learnt to talk, and Giaousé got rid of it at once; besides, he feared it might spread psittacosis: at that time the cause of a public scare. On the whole he disapproved of big birds. Once he had seen ostriches, and spoke of them with awe, but still they were too big. Most of his birds were small, long-tailed, and gaily coloured: parakeets, budgerigars or lovebirds, and others more exotic which I was never able to identify; though there were a good few canaries too, and even a nightingale (never allowed out of its cage in any circumstances).

When Giaousé took them outdoors for an airing or went down into the village to make his few weekly purchases, the birds clung to him with their claws, perched on his shoulders, and pecked affectionately at his cheeks: there were always some beaks and bright beady eyes peeping out of the many pockets of his patched corduroy coat. He was a tall, loosely-built, stooping man with a long body, long arms, and short legs, one of which dragged a little, and he carried a thick thorny stick with a crutch-like handle and an iron spike for ferrule, that was always propped up, at home, behind the windmill door. His face and hair were a rough uniform grey and he held his head slightly to one side, the mouth crinkled as a rule in an oddly gentle smile. His age was impossible to compute: though it was known that, like all of us, he had once been young.

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IN THOSE days, like most of the other villagers, he'd been employed at the Ramenta, the giant incinerator into which all the refuse from the cities along the Côte was shovelled by a huge mechanical scoop that worked backwards and forwards like a see-saw. Heaped around with rubbish, it was isolated from human habitation on a hill beyond the river that flowed between it and our village, along whose further bank the workers bicycled home late in the evening, blanched with dust, cinders, and ash. The Ramenta never slept. A lurid pall of smoke shrouded it by day, and at night long tongues of orange flame flickered up from the sullen furnace glow.

It was this furnace that was supposed to have swallowed Giaousé's rival, with whom he'd been on night-shift after they had fought with knives, during a *fête* the evening before, over Giaousé's very captivating young wife. There was no proof, but after all the rival was never seen again; and Giaousé not only lost his job but also the wife, who fled to her parents in Nice and refused to return despite her husband's most agonised pleading. After this, Giaousé disappeared from the village—some said, into the Foreign Legion, which might account for his having seen ostriches—and only came back many years later, so changed that few recognised him, to set up house with his birds in the windmill.

The windmill stood on the edge of a wood, where family men had been accustomed to go, every Sunday, for *la chasse*, dressed like gamekeepers and with formidable-looking shotguns under their arms. All day long they'd creep stealthily about, using the technique employed elsewhere for stalking a tiger; some crouched for hours in ambush until a bird happened to alight within point-blank range. Giaousé had put a stop to these practices, so violently that the hunters were driven altogether from the wood, and had thereafter to wait until the birds, at twilight, were settling down to roost in the trees lining the main road, when they would loose off both barrels at random into the foliage: the result often being sparrow or starling pie for supper next day.

Another menace to birds in general, and Giaousé's aviary in particular, were the wild cats that infested the wood at the time of his arrival. No one could say where they'd initially come from, but they had multiplied considerably over the years and also grown, with each successive generation, in size, audacity, and strength. At first they'd made a mass attack on the windmill but were beaten off with only a few feathered casualties, for which Giaousé made them pay in more than kind. He even cooked his victims over the brazier and ate them with relish. He also took to hunting them through the wood, and the cats, in order to live, were forced to make sorties into the village itself, where many people kept chickens. They scarcely dared to venture near the windmill, and Giaousé and his birds were soon left to live together in peace; though when obliged to leave home on business, he always persuaded Monsieur Bontemps, the *garde-champêtre*, to keep an eye on his place by promising him a bottle of calvados when he got back.

Giaousé hated selling any of his birds; but, driven by necessity, about three times a year he would trudge along the road to Nice, the cages slung on poles across his shoulders (as onion-men carry their wares) and take up a pitch on the Promenade des Anglais, where he did a roaring trade with the tourists, his air of great sadness whenever he made a sale being part of his attraction. Then, after a couple of days, he would return, carrying the empty cages and rocking, reeling, roaring drunk, on the outer platform of a tramcar: at such times the old story about him was remembered, and people kept well out of his way. But Giaousé never hurt anyone. Perhaps because he'd none of his own, he seemed especially fond of children, and would sometimes pull a rather crumpled bird from his pocket and bestow it on some kid who'd taken his fancy. All the same, no child from the village was encouraged on his hill; and I was certainly the only one who was ever invited into the windmill.

THE solitary, the strange, and the withdrawn always fascinated me as a boy:

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perhaps I recognised in them a foretoken of my future self; and possibly because Giaousé sensed this and also because, being English, I was like himself a stranger, he liked to have me call on him. He didn't talk much—certainly not, as I'd hoped, about the Legion—and when he spoke it was invariably in French: never in *Niçardé*, the local patois, though by now I'd picked up enough to carry on a conversation.

These visits continued even after the vendetta boiled up between Giaousé and the Mattone brothers: more furtively, however; for I was a member of the *Main Noire* (or *Mané Noiré*, as they called it), a secret organisation controlled by the Mattones, whose forebears had more than likely belonged to the parent branch; and all loyal Blackhanders were formally forbidden to consort with the Bird Man.

The vendetta began when Etienne, the younger Mattone, aged twelve, trespassing in the wood one day, shot and killed, with a powerful home-made catapult, an owl that Giaousé was very fond of, and that in some obscure way told him the time. Giaousé caught Etienne bending over the body, and beat him severely.

The Mattone father was dead. Louis, at fourteen, was the head of the house, and it was up to him to avenge the insult to his kin. Every blow, he decreed, must be paid for in blood; and his resolve was redoubled when he got beaten by Giaousé himself for teaching the other boys to make the sign of protection against the Evil Eye whenever the Bird Man passed. Louis knew that the time for one of Giaousé's visits to Nice was approaching, and he thought up a terrible plan.

The wild cats had recently launched a series of raids on the village; and the Mattones, having laid snares for them, had secured three. These were now confined, snarling, spitting, and scratching, in boxes at the back of our most secret meeting-place. Next, Louis detailed a party to steal a pile of empty flour-sacks and a large wheelbarrow from the yard behind Penzani's store. By the time Giaousé left on his journey, this had been done; and next day every cat in the village disappeared: the Mattone's among them, to disarm suspicion. Louis then outlined his scheme: the full horror of which was scheduled for the night of Giaousé's return. Monsieur Bontemps was to be lured away by the news of a fake burglary; the writhing sacks which now surrounded us were to be conveyed up the hill in the wheelbarrow, and the whole lot—plus the boxes containing the three wild cats—was to be introduced among the birds in the windmill, as a surprise to greet Giaousé's homecoming.

Despite the stringent oath of allegiance that I'd sworn, this was too much for me to take; and I made a sudden bolt for it, determined to warn Monsieur Bontemps before it was too late, but the Mattones caught up with me outside and we all sprawled headlong in the dust. I'd probably have been lynched, had my father not happened along the street at that moment; and when we reached home, refusing to listen to my explanations, he immediately confined me to my room as a penalty for fighting.

IT WAS late at night before I managed to escape; and as I stumbled up the hillside in the moonlight, I knew by the sounds coming from inside the windmill that I'd not made it in time. Several feline shapes shot screeching past the crooked, open door and vanished in the dark; Giaousé lunged abortively after them with his stick, then turned to thrash about inside the room. Creeping up to the window, I saw broken, twisted scraps of metal, strips of torn sacking, a floor ankle-deep in feathers; even the stockfish and smoked sausages had been pulled down, and a cat was now attempting to drag them through the doorway; another was swinging—while Giaousé struck at it—from the cage containing the nightingale: the blue jay had, of course, gone long ago.

Then all the cats were gone too, and Giaousé stood alone in the middle of the floor. The stick clattered from his hand: he turned his head from side to side, glaring dazedly around at the shattered empty cages and the evidence of carnage. A faint, subdued

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twittering came from above him, and he glanced up quickly. High on the rafters, under the roof, a few birds who'd managed to fly out of harm's way now clung and feebly fluttered.

Giaousé called hoarsely to them in *Niçardé*: forgetting, in his agitation, to use the special sound-language that they understood. I prepared to beat a retreat: there was no way I could help, nor was it a good moment for any boy to be found lurking near the windmill. The last I saw of Giaousé, he was staring upwards and stretching out his hands imploringly, as he might once have done towards his wife; but the birds were too terrified to take note of his appeal.

Letter I

CAUGHT in a sudden web of silence
Words seemed to travel without tongues,
Thoughts fused together without speech,
And in that captured moment two minds joined,
Mingling their magics in a perfect knowledge.
Grown now each other, spell-bound,
A radiance spread round us:
Still as saints, we were made holy.

This is the ecstasy the poets name,
The half-way house to heaven,
Man's farthest North, his Pole
From which the world slopes down;
Where for a lasting instant we glimpse
The presence of angels in our lives;
When the angels lean down and whisper
In the infinite silence, comforting.
All times and places here are one,
All history and futures known,
And Time stands laughing, hands on hips,
Watching the useless record of the clocks.

At last we had to descend: to part,
Obeying the earthly measured minute.
Recalling it now, a beginner,
I write to thank and remind you
Of what without hands we created

And for the silence of heaven still in my ears.

Julian Mitchell

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NOTES FROM A DIARY

For 1956

An obvious New Year resolution: not to discuss what is U and Non-U. Yet there are two points which have not been brought out, and which lead to other things. One: a confused, obscure but genuine question: whether, after all, the aristocracy does at times defend certain usages from vulgarisation. The other: whether one class is today less vulgar than another.

The only real defence that can be made of upper-class usage is that the upper class is a carrier of certain unvulgarised values. Yet I doubt whether this is so. Itself it is made vulgar, partly by members of that class themselves, partly by interlopers.

Nevertheless, in maintaining that one should say "false teeth" rather than "dentures," one catches the gleam of an authentic local god haunting a wood where the trees are called trees, and spades aspire to be known by their real name. After that glimpse, one plunges into absurdity. False teeth are themselves a mechanically realised euphemism: so it might be better to have gaping gums than not to have authentic teeth.

The Opposite of Vulgar

The truth is that today no class has a monopoly of usage which is "authentic", because none has a monopoly of not being vulgar, and nothing shows more clearly that we are all vulgar than an examination of the words and idioms we use.

There ought to be a word to express a quality, once common to the aristocrat and the peasant, setting them apart in their expressions from any intermediate class. It would mean whatever is the opposite of vulgarity. It is not quite the same as "aristocratic."

Lacking such a word, one can only talk about unvulgarity. This is a very negative way of expressing a very positive idea. Unvulgar are those who contemplate and name any and every aspect of the human condition without evasions, euphemisms, or false shame. To be unvulgar means to have a mind that converses equably with birth, copulation, and death. An aristocratic or upper-class tradition remains unvulgar so long as it also remains part peasant, part priestly tradition. An absentee aristocracy, coining chic idioms which are really an apology for evasion, is vulgar.

Refrigerated corpses

Towns are great vulgarisers because they enable those who can so afford, to ignore or gloss over or distort and vitiate the basic realities of birth, life, and death. Industrialism produces a machinery to fabricate false living.

At Cincinnati, I noticed hanging outside a shop which was a Funeral Parlour a neon sign surely directly inspired by the Muse of Vulgarity. It read:

FROZEN CASKETS TO SPARE YOUR LOVED ONES
INHUMAN EMBALMING.

The vulgar have their own idea of what is and what is not vulgar: that complicates discussions about usage. In general, the vulgar think that topics unsuitable for a hypothetical polite conversation on an ideally correct social occasion are unsuitable on any other occasion. Respectability cuts across classes.

But the struggle against vulgarity is part of the larger struggle for honesty. If the respectable had ever completely won out, there would have been painted no nudes, and no study of anatomy in medicine could have been completed. D. H. Lawrence's struggle against the censorship was the major battle of the unvulgar in our time.

The Change in England

Two recently published books encourage me to think that the English public is today less vulgar, less vindictive, less gullible than twenty years ago. One is Julian Symons's *Horatio Bottomley*; the other Peter Wildeblood's *Against the Law*.

Horatio Bottomley has always been regarded as particularly wicked because he thrived off widows' mites and the pence of poor heroes. But reading Symons's book I can't help wondering whether he was not just what the widows wanted. If he lost most of the last shirts and bottom pennies put on him, so do horses and greyhounds. He was the incarnation of an ideal of democracy at a certain stage of its development: a horse who happens also to be a human being.

It might be said that today instead of Bottomley, who was after all a man, we have an abstract gamble —the Pools. All the same, the real evil of Bottomley has disappeared from the scene: that was the persecuting hatred directed against everyone with

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German or Jewish blood during the First World War. As whipper-up of hatreds he was a horse who had more influence in England than any Cabinet Minister.

Peter Wildeblood's book (which is essential reading for anyone interested in sexual laws and sexual morals, the activities of the police, prisons, and British attitudes today) provides further evidence of greater tolerance. Policemen who search private homes without warrants, tap telephones, persuade one set of offenders to turn Queen's evidence against another, are no longer considered quite the shining knights of public moral indignation they were at the beginning of the century. The crisis of conscience in England today is about the laws and the methods of the police—whether in Hampshire or in Cyprus.

Good does sometimes come out of ill. It is much to the credit of Peter Wildeblood that his book demonstrates this. If the laws relating to sex are changed, this book will have done much to rouse people's consciences.

Anniversary (from a Journal of December 1953)

Dylan Thomas died in New York

Having written these words I went to bed and dreamed about Dylan Thomas. It was in a large and beautiful chapel, like Kings', where the choir was singing a requiem in his memory. The chorale was modern and yet like something of Monteverde, though not pastiche. Dylan was lying down on the floor beside the place where I was standing, rather pale, but still transparently alive.

I woke up thinking there was something I now knew: death was an absurd pretence invented by the living that the dead were not here—whereas, in reality, they were alive and omnipresent. As I realised, waking, that my sense of Dylan's physical presence was fading, I was still hammered on, as it were from *inside* my head, by this realisation of how alive the dead are. I felt tired of their always forcing themselves on to us with that persuasion and wholeness which the living lack.

M—— (aged 8), who was sleeping in my room during my wife's absence, had woken me, as usual, with the dawn. We heard a drumming of hooves in the road outside. It was the cavalry on parade from the barracks nearby. M—— slipped out of bed, drew back the curtains of the window, and kneeled on the floor. "Look! Look! Their heels are on fire!" he said. I explained: "They always do that." I realised this was the first time he had ever seen so much iron strike sparks from stone. As I knelt beside him, I suddenly saw the hooves agitating through the darkness against the road surface and breaking into small white flowers of sparks, and the shadowy horses moving through the milky darkness, just as M—— saw them—for the first time. This first-time-ness also woke me to a sense of how Dylan saw them and how he would describe them, entering into the reality of the scene and singing from core and centre of its being. At the same time, I realised that I myself see things clearly but from the outside, at a distance, through the instrument of what I am—small and clear and upside-down, as on a camera's ground-glass screen.

English Painters

I observed to William Coldstream that I had found the Augustus John Exhibition at Burlington House rather disappointing. He said: "Instead of saying things are disappointing, one ought really to be grateful for the fact that a painter has done some remarkable work." Then he asked: "Do you think John would have been a better painter had he been French?" I said I thought he would have been. Coldstream: "I think you are probably right. There seems something wrong not so much with his painting as with the climate of his artistic training. He seems, like so many other English painters, to have dramatised a false set of circumstances for himself. English painters have a way of getting themselves stuck in a situation which they have imagined for themselves. For instance, the whole pre-Raphaelite Movement was based on a false drama invented by a few people."

One might add that several of the pre-Raphaelite painters would have made better poets than painters. They tried to paint images which Keats and Tennyson used beautifully in a poetry that left the physical features of the Lady of Shalott, Sir Lancelot, etc., vague. In their painting they interpreted poetic images too literally and failed to invent a free atmosphere which still left much to be imagined, as Delacroix did with his Romantic imagery.

Stephen Spender

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Letter from NEW YORK

Passion and Politics in America

AMERICA in mid-century is in many respects a turbulent country. Oddly enough, it is a turbulence born, not of depression, but of prosperity. Contrary to the somewhat simple notion that prosperity dissolves all social problems, the American experience demonstrates that prosperity brings in its wake new anxieties, new strains, new urgencies. Conventional political analysis, drawn largely from 18th and 19th century American experience, has been at something like a loss in the face of this new situation: hence the bewilderment and mystification before the phenomenon of McCarthyism.

Politics in the U.S. has been looked at, usually, from three standpoints: (1) the rôle of the electoral structure, (2) of political tradition, and (3) of interest groups, sectional or class.

Perhaps the decisive fact about American political structure is the two-party system. Each party is like some huge bazaar, with hundreds of hucksters clamouring for attention. Life within the bazaars flows freely and licences are easy to obtain; but all trading has to be conducted within the tents; the ones who hawk their wares outside are doomed to few sales. This fact gains meaning in considering one of the striking facts about American life; America has thrown up countless social movements, but few long-lived political parties.

"It is natural for the ordinary American," wrote Gunnar Myrdal, "when he sees something that is wrong to feel not only that there should be a law against it, but also that an organisation should be formed to combat it" —and, we might add, to reform it. These reform groups have ranged from Esperantists to vegetarians, from silver money advocates to conservationists, from trust-busters to socialists of fifty-seven varieties. These groups, intense and ideologically singleminded, have formed numerous third parties—the Greenback Party, Anti-Monopoly Party, Equal Rights Party, Prohibition Party, Socialist Labour Party, Union Labour Party, Farmer-Labour Party, Socialist Party. None has succeeded; few have lasted long. One important reason is the constraining rôle of the electoral system.

The wheat farmers of the north central plains have a homogeneity of cultural outlook and a common set of economic problems which national boundary lines cannot bisect. Yet in Canada, the wheat farmers formed a Social Credit Party in Alberta and a Cooperative Commonwealth Federation in Saskatchewan, while their brothers in North Dakota could only, at best, form a Non-Partisan League — within the Republican Party.

These factors of rigid electoral structure have set definite limits on the rôle of protest movements, left and right, in American life. ("Let me make the deals, and I care not who makes the ideals," an American politician has said.) They account in significant measure for the failure of the right-wing Lemke-Coughlin movement in 1936, and of the left-wing Wallace-Progressive Party in 1948. They account for the new basic alliance between the unions and the Democratic Party. Whatever lingering hopes some trade unionists may have had for a labour party in the U.S., they were dispelled by Walter Reuther at the C.I.O. convention in November 1954 when, in answering transport leaders like Mike Quill, he pointed out that a third party was impossible within the nature of the U.S. electoral system. This is a lesson that every social movement has learned. And any

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social movement which hopes to effect or resist social change in the U.S. is forced now to operate within one or the other of the two parties. This itself places an enormous strain on these parties.

POLITICAL tradition, the second of the conventional categories, has played an important rôle in shaping American political forms. The distinctive aspect of the political tradition in the U.S. is that politics is the arena of the *hoi polloi*. The "common man" is the source of ultimate appeal, if not authority. This was not so at the beginning. The "founding fathers" feared the "democratic excesses" which the poor and propertyless classes could wreak against those with property. In 1787 self-consciousness of property, and a desire to limit the electoral rôle of the people, was uppermost in the minds of those who framed the Constitution, and was reflected in the erection of such institutions as a non-popular Senate, selected by the States; an appointive judiciary holding office for life; and a President elected through the indirect and cumbersome means of an electoral college.

But these barriers soon broke down. The victory of the Jeffersonians was the first step in the establishment of a "populist" character to the American democracy. The Federalists, seeing the success of the Jeffersonian methods, realised the necessity of imitating those "popular, convivial, and charitable techniques"; but it was too late, the Federalists had already lost. Thirty years later, however, their spiritual descendants, the Whigs, beat the Democrats at their own game. Casting aside Henry Clay, whose "Hamiltonian" views were too well established, the Whigs nominated General William Henry Harrison, the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, against Andrew Jackson's successor, Martin Van Buren.

The campaign tactics, so strangely modern, were set down by Nicholas Biddle, Jackson's antagonist and the former head of the National Bank. "If General Harrison is taken up as a candidate," he said, "it will be on account of the past. . . . Let him say not one single word about his principles, or his creed —let him say nothing—promise nothing. Let no Committee, no convention—no town meeting ever extract from him a single word about what he thinks or will do hereafter. Let the use of pen and ink be wholly forbidden."

The "cider election" of 1840 was a turning point in American political life. Harrison travelled from place to place in a large wagon with a log cabin on top, and a barrel of hard cider on tap for the crowds. In shameless fashion, Whig orators berated Van Buren for living in a lordly manner, accused him of putting cologne on his whiskers, of eating from gold plate, and of being "laced up in corsets such as women in town wear and if possible tighter than the best of them."

Harrison won, and the lesson was clear. Politics as a skill in manipulating masses became the established feature of political life, and the politician, sometimes a front-man for the moneyed interests, but sometimes the manipulator in his own right, came to the fore. Increasingly, the upper classes withdrew from direct participation in politics. The lawyer, the journalist, the drifter, finding politics an open ladder for advancement, came bounding up from the lower middle classes.

IF THE politician spoke to the people, he acted for "interests." The awareness of the interest-group basis of politics, the third of the conventional categories, goes far back to the early days of the republic. Madison, in the oft-quoted Number Ten of the Federalist Papers, had written, "the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society."

The threat to property on the part of the small farmer and the landless formed the basis of the first disquiet in American politics. The supporters of the Shay Rebellion in Massachusetts and other insurgents, General Henry Knox complained to George Washington, "believe that the property of the United States has been protected from the confiscations of Britain by the joint exertions of all." Madison, looking to the future, anticipated that "a great majority of the people will not only be without land, but any other sort of property." When this has occurred, he predicted, the propertyless masses will "either combine under the influence of their common situation; in which case the rights of property and the public liberty will not be secure in

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their hands; or what is more probable," he continued, with the lessons of the Roman demagogues in mind, "they will become tools of opulence and ambition, in which case there will be equal danger on the other side."

The early factional struggles in American political life, rustic in form because of the agrarian weight of the population, soon became sectional. This was inevitable since the different regions developed different interests: the rice, tobacco, and cotton of the south; the fishing, lumbering, commerce of New England. National parties came into being when the Federalists succeeded at first in combining the large planters of the upper and lower South with the commercial interests of the North Atlantic region, and when Jefferson challenged this combination by uniting the grain growers and other small farmers both north and south into a rival party.

Since then the national parties have been strange alliances of heterogeneous sectional groups: mid-West farmers with Eastern financiers; Northern urban immigrants with racists and nativists in the South. Ethnic and functional groups have often flowed into one of the two parties by historic accident: the Negroes, because of the Civil War, for sixty years or so voted Republican; the Irish, because of their original relation to Tammany Hall, became Democrats; the Germans, settling in the mid-West, became Republican; the urban Italians, in reaction to being excluded from city politics by the Irish, at first were Republicans.

In 1933, heralded by the New Deal, the feeling arose that a new era was emerging. In a widely-quoted book, Professor Arthur N. Holcombe of Harvard wrote: "The old party politics is visibly passing away. The character of the new party politics will be determined chiefly by the interests and attitudes of the urban population . . . there will be less sectional politics and more class politics."

The emergence of "functional" groups, particularly labour, and the growing assertion by ethnic groups, seemed to underscore the shift. The fact that Franklin Roosevelt was able to weave together these groups, some of whom like the farmers had been allied with the Republican Party, seemed to indicate that some historic realignments were taking place. Some realignments have, but not so dramatic as once thought. The trade union movement, politically articulate for the first time, is outspokenly Democratic; but the working-class vote usually has been Democratic. Ethnic groups which came to the fore have, by and large, retained their loyalty to the Democratic Party; but there are many indications that, as a result of rising prosperity and higher social status, significant chunks of these nationality and minority groups are beginning to shift their allegiance. The farmers, despite the enormous financial aid granted them by the New Deal, have returned to the Republican fold.

But while sectional politics has somewhat diminished, class politics has not taken its place. Instead, there has been the spectacular rise of pressure groups and lobbies, part sectional, part class, part ideological. The most dramatic use of this kind of pressure-group tactic was made by the Anti-Saloon League, which, starting in 1895, was able in less than a decade and a half to push through a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor in the U.S. Since then, the pressure-group device has been adopted by thousands of organisations, whether it be with regard to tariff reform, opposition to Federal medical programmes, or political aid to the State of Israel. In 1949 the Department of Commerce estimated that there were 4,000 national trade, professional, civic, and other associations. Including local and branch chapters there were probably 16,000 business men's organisations, 70,000 local labour unions, 100,000 women's clubs, and 15,000 civic groups carrying on some political activity. The enormous multiplication of such groups obviously cancels out many of the threats made to candidates defying one or the other of the interests. But it makes possible, too, for small interests to exercise great political leverage. Thus, when peanuts were eliminated from a farm subsidy programme in 1955, over 100 Southern congressmen held up a crop support Bill until the subsidy was restored—although Georgia peanuts account for less than one half of one per cent of farm income.

The multiplication of interests and the fractioning of groups, occurring simultaneously with the break-up of the older family capitalism and the rise of new managerial groups to power within business enterprises, makes it difficult to locate the sources of political power in the U.S. More than ever, government in the U.S. has become, in John

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Chamberlain's early phrase, "the broker state."

II

GRANTING the viability of these conventional lines of political analysis—the rôle of the two-party system in limiting social movements and social clashes; the political tradition of direct appeal to the people; and the force of interest-groups in shaping and modifying legislative policy—they nevertheless leave us somewhat ill-equipped to understand the issues which have dominated political disputes in the last decade. These lines of thought do not help us, for example, to understand the Communist issue, the forces behind the new nationalism of, say, Senators Bricker and Knowland, and the momentary range of support and the intense emotional heat generated by Senator McCarthy.

For Europeans, particularly, the Communist issue must be a puzzle. After all, there is no mass Communist Party in the U.S. such as one finds in France and Italy—the Communist Party in the U.S. never, at any single moment, had more than 100,000 members. In the last five years, when the Communist issue came on to the national scene, the Communists had already lost most of the political influence they once had—the Communist unions had been expelled from C.I.O.*; the Progressive Party, repudiated by Henry Wallace, had fizzled; they were fast losing strength in the intellectual community.

It is true that liberals have tended to play down the Communist issue. And the contradictory stand of the Truman administration compounded these confusions and increased the alarms: on the one hand, leading members of the administration, including Truman himself, sought to minimise the degree of past Communist infiltration; on the other hand, the administration let loose a buckshot charge of security regulations which had little regard for personal liberties and rights. The invasion of South Korea and the emotional reaction against the Chinese and Russian Communists, which carried over to domestic Communists; the disclosures, particularly by Whittaker Chambers, of the infiltration of Communists into high posts in government and the existence of espionage rings; and, finally, the revelations in the Canadian spy investigations, the Allan Nunn May trial in Britain, and in the Rosenberg case that the Soviets had stolen U.S. atom secrets, all played a rôle in heightening national tension, but even after the natural effects of all these are taken into account, it is difficult to explain the unchallenged position so long held by Senator McCarthy. Nor can conventional political analysis shed much light on him or his supporters. Calling him a demagogue explains little; the relevant questions arise in relation to whom and what he was demagogic about. McCarthy's targets were indeed strange. Huey Long, the last major demagogue, had vaguely attacked the rich and sought to "share the wealth." McCarthy's targets were intellectuals, especially Harvard men, Anglophils, internationalists, the Army.

But these targets provide the important clues to the right-wing support, a "radical right," that backed him, and the reasons for that support. These groups constituted a strange *mélange*: a thin stratum of soured patricians like Archibald Roosevelt, the last surviving son of Theodore Roosevelt, whose emotional stake lay in a vanishing image of a muscular American defying a decadent Europe; the "new rich"—the automobile dealers, real estate manipulators, oil wildcatters—who needed the psychological assurance that they, like their forebears, had earned their own wealth, rather than (as in fact) through government aid, and who feared that "taxes" would rob them of that wealth; the rising middle-class strata of the various ethnic groups, especially the Irish and the Germans, who sought to prove their Americanism (the Germans particularly because of the implied taint of disloyalty during the Second World War); and, finally, unique in U.S. cultural history, a small group of intellectuals, some of them cankered ex-Communists, who, pivoting on McCarthy, opened up an attack on liberalism in general.

THIS strange coalition, bearing the "sword of the Lord and Gideon," cannot be explained in the conventional terms that are applied to American politics. As a result, there has recently been some hard rethinking by American historians and political

* By 1952 the Communists controlled unions with fewer than five per cent of U.S. labour membership as against a peak control of unions with twenty per cent of union membership in 1944.

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analysts, and they have come up with ideas that do provide some frame of reference, particularly to explain the factors of the "new rich" and the "rising ethnic groups." One key concept is the idea of "status politics" advanced by the Columbia historian, Richard Hofstadter, and adumbrated, amongst others, by Professor David Riesman of Chicago.

Hofstadter's central idea is that groups that are advancing in wealth and social position are often as anxious and politically feverish as groups that have become *declassé*. Many observers have noted that those groups which have lost their social position seek more violently than ever to impose on all groups the older values of a society which they once represented. Hofstadter demonstrates that groups on the rise, in order to establish themselves, may insist on a similar conformity. This rise takes place in periods of prosperity, when class or economic interest-group conflicts have lost much of their force. Hofstadter argues further that economic issues take on importance in American political history only during depressions, while in periods of prosperity "status" issues emerge. But these issues, usually "patriotic" in character, are amorphous and ideological.

Whether these groups congeal into a political force depends upon many factors. Certainly McCarthy himself is, at the moment, at the nadir. By the logic of his own political position, and by the nature of his personality, he had to go to an extreme. And he ended, finally, by challenging Eisenhower. It was McCarthy's great gamble. And he lost, for the challenge to a Republican President by a Republican minority could only have split the party. Faced with this threat, the party rallied behind Eisenhower, and McCarthy himself was isolated. In this respect, the events prove the soundness of the thesis of Walter Lippmann and the Alsops in 1952 that only a Republican President could provide the necessary continuity of foreign and domestic policy initiated and maintained by the Fair Deal. A Democratic President would only have polarised the parties, and given the extreme Republican wing the license to lead the attack; the administration of a moderate Republican could act as a damper on the extreme right.

The lessening of international tensions may confirm McCarthy's defeat, as a flare-up of war in Asia, particularly Chinese Communist action over Formosa, might give him a platform to come back. Yet McCarthy has to be understood in relation to the people behind him and the changed political temper which these groups have brought. He was the catalyst, not the explosive force. These forces still remain.

III

THERE are several consequences to the changed political temper in American life, most notably the introduction on a large scale of "moral issues" into political debate. By and large, this is new. Throughout their history, Americans have had an extraordinary talent for compromise in politics and extremism in morality. The most shameless political deals (and "steals") have been rationalised as expedient and realistically necessary; yet in no other country were there such spectacular attempts to curb human appetites and brand them as illicit—and nowhere else such glaring failures. From the start America was at one and the same time the frontier community where "everything goes" and the fair country of the restrictive Blue Laws. At the turn of the century, a sharp cleavage developed between the big-city conscience and the small-town conscience: crime as a growing business was fed by the revenues from prostitution, liquor, and gambling that a cynical urban society encouraged, and which a middle-class, rural, Protestant ethos sought to suppress with a ferocity unmatched in any other civilised country. In America, the enforcement of public morals has been a continuing feature of our history.

America is a country, and Protestantism a religion, in which piety has largely given way to moralism, and theology to ethics. Becoming respectable is "moral" advancement, and regulating conduct, i.e. being "moral" about it, is a great concern of the Protestant churches in America.

This moralism, itself not unique to America, is linked to an evangelicism that is unique. Puritanism and the "New England mind" have played a large intellectual rôle in American life. But in the habits and mores of the masses of the people, the peculiar evangelicism of Methodism and Baptism, with its high emotionalism, its fervour, enthusiasm, and excitement, its revivalism, its excesses of sinning and of high-voltage confessing, has

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played a much more important rôle. Baptism and Methodism have been the favourite American religious creeds, because they were the rustic and frontier religions. In his page on "Why Americans Manifest a Sort of Fanatical Spiritualism," Alexis de Tocqueville observed: "In all states of the Union, but especially in the half-peopled country of the Far West, itinerant preachers may be met with who hawk about the word of God from place to place. Whole families, old men, women and children, cross rough passes and untrodden wilds, coming from a great distance, to join a camp-meeting, where, in listening to these discourses, they totally forget for several days and nights the cares of business and even the most urgent wants of the body."

The Baptist and Methodist churches grew, while the more "respectable" Protestant bodies remained static, precisely because their preachers went on with the advancing frontier and reflected its spirit. "In the camp-meeting and in the political gathering logical discourse was of no avail, while the 'language of excitement' called forth an enthusiastic response," H. Richard Niebuhr has observed.

The revivalist spirit was egalitarian and anti-intellectual. It shook off the vestments and the formal liturgies and preached instead the gospel and roaring hymn. This evangelicism was reflected in the moralism of a William Jennings Bryan, a religious as well as an economic champion of the West, and in the urban revivalism of a Dwight Moody and the Y.M.C.A. movement that grew out of his gospel fervour. The evangelical churches wanted to "improve" man, whereas the liberals wanted to reform institutions. They were the supreme champions of prohibition legislation and Sabbath observance. Reform in their terms meant not a belief in welfare legislation but in the redemption of those who had fallen prey to sin—and sin meant drink, loose women, and gambling. This moralism, so characteristic of the American temper, had a peculiar schizoid character: it would be imposed with vehemence in areas of culture and conduct—in the censorship of books, the attacks on "immoral art," etc., and in the realm of private habits; yet it rarely was heard regarding the depredations of business or the corruption of politics. On this the churches were largely silent.

And yet this has had its positive side: to the extent that moral indignation played so small a rôle in the political arena, the U.S. has been able to escape the intense ideological fanaticism—the conflicts of clericalism and class—which has been so characteristic of Europe.

THE singular fact about the Communist problem is that, on a scale rare in American political life, an ideological issue was equated with a moral issue and the attacks on Communism were made with all the compulsive moral fervour which was possible because of the equation of Communism with sin. In itself this reflects a curious change in American life. While we gain a more relaxed attitude towards private morals, we are becoming rather more extremist in public life.

This tendency to convert political into "moral" issues is reinforced by the activities of what might be called the "McCarthyite" intellectuals — James Burnham, William Schlamm, Max Eastman, and their minor epigonoi. The rise of intellectual apologists for a reactionary right is, too, a new phase in American life. The ironic fact is that many of these men were Communists or near-Communists who repudiated at first, not the utopian vision of Communism, but its methods. In the thirties the crucial intellectual fight was to emphasise, against the "liberal" piddlers who sought to excuse the harshness of Stalinism by reference to the historic backwardness of Russia or the grandeur of the Soviet dream, the truth that in social action there is an inextricable relation between "ends and means," and that consistently amoral means could only warp and hideously distort a noble end. Yet all of this has been forgotten in the defence of McCarthy. Schlamm, the author of a fine book about Stalinism, *Die Diktatur der Lüge* (The Dictatorship of the Lie), applauds McCarthy as a man who is seriously interested in ideas. Max Eastman, slightly critical of McCarthy at times, worries most, not about McCarthy, but that the liberals by attacking him might be playing "the Communist game"; as if all politics were only two-sided, in this case McCarthy or the Communists.

How explain this reversal? Motivations are difficult to plumb, but one significant fact is clear: the hatred of the right-wing intellectual is not so much of the Communist, but of the

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"liberals," and the root of the problem goes back to the political situation of the thirties. Although the Communists certainly did not dominate the cultural field in that decade, they did wield an influence far out of proportion to their numbers. The official institutions of the cultural community—because of the Spanish Civil War, the shock of Fascism, and the climate of New Deal reformism—did look at the Communist with some sympathy; they regarded him as ultimately, philosophically wrong, but still as a respectable member of the intellectual community. On the other hand, the vocal anti-Communists (many of them Trotskyites at the time), with their quarrelsome ways, their esoteric knowledge of Bolshevik history (for most of the intellectuals, the names of the Bolsheviks who stood in the dock at the Moscow trials, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Piatakov, Sokolnokiov, Rakovsky, were simply unpronounceable) seemed extreme and bizarre, and were regarded with suspicion. The anti-Stalinists, by raising "extraneous" issues of a "sectarian" nature, were "sabotaging" the fight against fascism. Hence, in the thirties, one found the Communist possessing a place in the intellectual world, while the vocal anti-Communists were isolated and thwarted.

Here is one of the sources of the present-day resentment against the "liberals." And this knot of "militant" anti-Communists, now having moved from the left to the right, once again find themselves outside the pale of intellectual respectability. While the liberals, particularly in the universities, have felt themselves subject to attack by powerful groups, the pro-McCarthy intellectuals see themselves as a persecuted group, discriminated against in the major opinion-forming centres in the land. A personal incident is relevant here. A few years ago I encountered Robert Morris, then counsel for the Jenner Committee on Internal Subversion. He complained of the "terrible press" his Committee was receiving. What press, he was asked? After all, the great Hearst and Scripps-Howard and Gannett chains, as well as the overwhelming number of newspaper dailies, had enthusiastically supported and reported the work of the Committee. I wasn't thinking of them, he replied. I was thinking of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. And, to some extent, he was right. These pages, few in number, are influential as shaping "élite" opinion. And on civil liberties, they have been on the "liberal" side.

The paradoxical fact is that on traditional economic issues, these "liberal" papers are conservative. All three supported Eisenhower. Yet traditional economic issues no longer count in dividing "liberals" from "anti-Communists." An amorphous, ideological issue, of whether one is "hard" or "soft" towards Communists, rather than an interest-group issue, has become the dividing line in the political community.

THE "ideologising" of politics gains reinforcement from a third, independent tendency in American life, the emergence of what may be called the "symbolic groups." These are the inchoate entities known generally in capital letters as "Labour," "Business," the "Farmers," *et al.* The assumption is made that these entities have a coherent philosophy, a defined purpose, and that they represent tangible forces. This tendency derives from varied sources, but the biggest impetus has come from the changing nature of economic decision-making and the changing mode of opinion-formation in modern society. The fact that major economic decision-making has been centralised into the narrow cockpit of Washington, rather than spread over the impersonal market, leads groups like the National Association of Manufacturers, the Farm Bureau, the A.F. of L., etc. to speak for "Business," for "Labour," for the "Farmers." At the same time there is an increased sensitivity to "Public Opinion," heightened by the use of opinion polls in which the "Citizen" (not the specific individual with his specific interests) is asked what "Business" or "Labour" or the "Farmer" should do. In effect, these groups are often forced to assume a unique identity and a greater coherence beyond what they would normally do.

In modern society the clash between ideological and utilitarian decisions is often as intense within groups as between groups. The American "Labour Movement," for example, has strongly favoured lower tariffs and broader international trade; yet the seamen's union has urged that U.S. government aid be shipped in American, not foreign bottoms, while the textile unions have fought for

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quotas on foreign imports. Politically-minded unionists, like Mike Quill in New York, have had to choose between a wage increase for their members and a rise in transit fares for the public at large. The teamsters unions have lobbied against the railroad unions and the coal miners against the oil workers. In every functional group in the society, these conflicts of interest have taken place—industry, agriculture, etc.

Nevertheless, there is a tendency today to convert interest groups into ideological groups. So political debate moves from specific clashes of interest, in which issues can be identified and possibly compromised, to ideologically-tinged conflicts which polarise the various groups and divide the society.

IV

THE tendency to convert concrete issues into ideological problems, to invest them with moral colour and high emotional charge, is to invite conflicts which can only damage a society. "A nation, divided irreconcilably on 'principle,' each party believing itself pure white and the other pitch black, cannot govern itself," wrote Walter Lippmann many years ago.

It has been one of the glories of the U.S. that politics has always been a pragmatic give-and-take rather than a series of wars-to-the-death. One ultimately comes to admire the "practical politics" of Theodore Roosevelt and his scorn for the intransigeants, like Godkin and Villard, who, refusing to yield to expediency, could never put through their reforms. Politics, as Edmund Wilson has described T.R.'s attitude, "is a matter of adapting oneself to all sorts of people and situations, a game in which one may score but only by accepting the rules and recognising one's opponents, rather than a moral crusade in which one's stainless standard must mow the enemy down."

Democratic politics means bargaining between legitimate groups and the search for consensus. This is so because the historic contribution of liberalism was to separate law from morality. The thought that the two should be separate often comes as a shock. In the older Catholic societies ruled by the doctrine of "two swords," the state was the secular arm of the Church, and enforced in civil life the moral decrees of the Church. This was possible in political theory, if not in practice, because the society was homogeneous, and everyone accepted the same religious values. But the religious wars that followed the Reformation proved that a plural society could only survive if it respected the principles of toleration. No group, be it Catholic or Protestant, could use the State to impose its moral conceptions on all the people. As the party of the *politiques* put it, the "civil society must not perish for conscience's sake."

These theoretical foundations of modern liberal society were completed by Kant, who, separating legality and morality, defined the former as the "rules of the game" so to speak; law dealt with procedural, not substantive issues. The latter were primary matters of conscience, with which the State could not interfere. This distinction has been at the root of the American democracy. For Madison, factions (or divergence of interests) were inevitable, being rooted in liberty and "the diversity in the faculties of men;" one could only deal with its effects, not smother its causes. One curbed these effects by a federal form of government, separation of powers, and especially by representative government, which—by including almost all significant interests—could keep up "the antagonism of influences which is the only real security for continued progress" (Mill) while yet achieving a consensus.

In the past forty years, those interest groups that were insufficiently represented, notably the smaller farmers and the organised workers, have secured a legitimate place in the American political equilibrium; and the ideological conflicts that once threatened to disrupt the society, particularly in the New Deal period, have been mitigated. The new divisions, created by the status anxieties of new middle-class groups, pose a new threat. The rancours of McCarthyism were one of its ugly excesses. However, the U.S., so huge and complex that no single political boss or any single political grouping has ever been able to dominate it, will in time doubtless diminish these divisions too. This is an open society, and these anxieties are part of the price we pay for that openness.

Daniel Bell

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Letter from NEW DELHI

Predicament in Goa

GANDHI was in his time dubbed by Indian Communists as a "policeman of British imperialism" because, placing means above ends, he halted the civil disobedience movement whenever it exceeded the bounds of non-violence. Nehru is today literally employing the police to stop Indian demonstrators from entering the tiny Portuguese pockets of Goa, Daman, and Diu. He is being likewise accused of betraying the cause of freedom, by the Socialist and chauvinist Hindu sections of the Opposition, as well as the Communists.

The comparison is limited by the fact that whereas Gandhi acted on absolute moral grounds when he called off a popular movement which threatened to get out of hand (he once confessed his "Himalayan blunder" in supposing that the masses would remain non-violent), Nehru's action is an expedient dictated by circumstances rather than the assertion of a principle. Nehru has offered no moral argument for banning the peaceful invasion of foreign territory; he has only pleaded the practical embarrassment caused to his Government.

Satyagraha, the novel technique of peaceful resistance developed by Gandhi, consists in the defiance of what is considered to be illegitimate authority and the calm acceptance of any punishment that follows, in the hope of bringing about a change of heart in the adversary. During the struggle for freedom this technique was accepted by many non-pacifists, including Nehru, not as a creed requiring the absolute avoidance of force but as a tactic found effective in actual use. In the three decades during which satyagraha was practised against the British, peaceful demonstrators were lathi-charged, tear-gassed, and ill-treated in jail, but were never mowed down as they were in the Portuguese settlements on August 15th last, the eighth anniversary of Indian freedom, when a few thousand unarmed Indians crossed the border in symbolic defiance of the alien régime. British troops opened fire often enough, but only when crowds became threatening or threw stones, rarely without any provocation. Had the rulers of British India been as callous as the Portuguese, there is no doubt that Gandhi and his small band of pacifist followers would still have adhered to non-violence and faced immolation. Equally, there can be no doubt that the nationalist movement would have taken a far different course. Gandhi lived to see freedom come to India through largely peaceful means, but the Hindu-Muslim massacres which accompanied the country's partition finally convinced him that the non-violence of Indians during the anti-British struggle was the non-violence of the weak, not of the morally strong. As angry mobs rioted in Bombay and other cities in protest against the Portuguese firing and demanded military retaliation, Nehru rediscovered the fundamental incapacity of the masses for satyagraha.

THE ban on satyagraha against the Portuguese settlements should have logically followed Nehru's declaration in Parliament on August 16th, within twenty-four hours of the killing of a score of Indians on the border, that he would adhere to peaceful methods despite any provocation. "Let them look for another Prime Minister," he told a party whip who brought word that many Congress members were dissatisfied with his tame reaction. Adherence to the policy of peace required that the shooting of Indian citizens should not be allowed to recur, since it would

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sooner or later make it impossible for any Government to resist the cry of outraged nationalists for military action.

Yet, for two weeks, Nehru did not say or do anything to discourage further entry by Indians into Goa. It appeared as if he regarded the human-sea tactics of August 15th as an aberration and expected the entry of satyagrahis to resume the proportions of a trickle. After all, the movement had proceeded for a full year, since the independence anniversary of 1954, with only two fatal casualties. Small groups of Indians and Goans resident in India periodically entered Portuguese territory, to be pushed back after varying degrees of physical punishment. Stories of the ill-treatment of satyagrahis by Portuguese police and soldiers were reminiscent of the days of anti-British civil disobedience, when peaceful demonstrators were beaten up and removed from the scene of symbolic offence. The Goa satyagraha served to maintain the tempo of public opinion against Portuguese rule, without precipitating riots.

Congressmen were not encouraged to participate in the satyagraha, since Nehru desired that it should be a matter largely for Goans themselves—a substantial number of whom pursue their occupations in India, specially in and around Bombay. The leadership of the satyagraha went by default to the Opposition: Communists, Socialists, and chauvinist Hindu groups such as the Jan Sangh and the Hindu Mahasabha. Nehru was perturbed when the united front of these parties announced its intention to lead thousands of Indians into Goa on the 1955 freedom anniversary. He called a meeting of the Congress Party's national executive which adopted a resolution, on July 23rd, declaring that "while everyone in India is naturally and deeply interested in the freedom of Goa from foreign control, it is principally for the Goans themselves to carry on the struggle through peaceful methods. The Working Committee are not in favour of attempts at mass entry into Goa from outside with a view to offering satyagraha, as this is likely to change the nature of peaceful satyagraha and might actually come in the way of the realisation of the objective aimed at."

The mass entry of August 15th was thus in defiance of Nehru's advice, and led to just the results which were feared. The Portuguese shooting was followed by rioting in India and demands for police action. In a major political address in Uttar Pradesh on August 21st, a week after the incidents, Nehru said that the violent reactions were "as far from satyagraha as possible," and that some of the leaders of the Goa campaign "apparently have no conception of what satyagraha means and speak of satyagraha and police action at the same time as if they were connected." But while the Prime Minister ruled out military action, he gave not a hint that Indians would be prevented in the future from entering Goa.

Was it because Nehru hoped that satyagraha would resume its numerically limited and peaceful character? Or, having decided to ban all satyagraha, was he merely waiting for tempers to cool before announcing the decision? It is hard to say, but the sequence of events which followed is suggestive. On August 24th the leader of the Christian Tillers Party of West Pakistan announced that he would lead 10,000 Pakistani satyagrahis into Kashmir exactly on the lines of the peaceful entry of Indian demonstrators into Goa. This was at once hailed as a wonderful idea by the press and politicians of Pakistan. On September 4th, after three days of intense debate behind closed doors, the Congress Working Committee came out with a resolution flatly opposing any further entry by Indians into Goa, whether on a mass or individual basis. An official spokesman of the party explained that the decision was reached in view of "international complications—Kashmir and all that."

But Opposition parties, though they secretly share Nehru's worry about Kashmir, are under no obligation to forgo an excellent opportunity of putting the Congress in the wrong. The Communists and chauvinist Hindu politicians have always urged military action to drive the Portuguese out, and they are the most virulent critics of the ban on entry of Indian demonstrators into Goa. The Socialists do not call for war, but are also opposed to the Government's interference with the citizens' right to participate in a peaceful struggle against colonialism. All three parties chose October 2nd, the birth anniversary of Gandhi which is celebrated as a national holiday, for a march on the

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Portuguese settlements in defiance of prohibitory orders. The volunteers were stopped at the border by Indian police, with the inevitable consequence of creating popular dissatisfaction with a foreign policy which appears to have helped to solve all international problems except India's own.

Thus Nehru finds himself paying a heavy price, for the first time, for a foreign policy of peaceful co-existence which earlier commanded near-unanimous support. Co-existence was an attractive slogan so long as it was the exhortation of an uncommitted nation to other countries involved in strife. It was flattering to national self-esteem to look with an equal eye from a higher moral plane on Western democracy, tainted by capitalism and colonialism, and on totalitarian Communism, as two imperfect systems vainly competing for universal allegiance. To commend their co-existence called for no moral preference of one over the other. But since Indian nationalism is regarded as self-evidently good, and Portuguese colonialism on Indian soil as an unqualified evil, the co-existence of the two appears in quite another light, as compromise with evil.

IT MUST be acknowledged that it required great moral courage for Nehru to accept the hard logic of co-existence with regard to Goa, even after allowance is made for the fact that he was influenced by the uses of co-existence in Kashmir. But logic is a poor counter to the force of nationalist sentiment, and Nehru is hoping that internal discontent, economic boycott, and the pressure of enlightened world opinion will make Portugal surrender its Indian possessions reasonably soon—perhaps even before the general elections due in the summer of 1957. However, the nationalist movement cannot make much headway inside the tiny and easily policed Portuguese settlements which, even according to non-Indian testimony, are under a tight dictatorship. Nor can economic boycott by India make much impression on Goa, which earns abundant foreign exchange through the export of iron and manganese ore, specially when Pakistan is only too willing to do business with Goa in order to spite India.

Since Salazar is unlikely to listen to advice from Moscow and Peking, intercession by the Western Powers is the sole substantial ground for any hope of a peaceful settlement of the problem of Goa. And, despite all his criticism of the West, Nehru fully expects America, Britain, and France to persuade Portugal to withdraw gracefully from India as the latter two have already done. The expectation may be unreasonable, since he offers no *quid pro quo*. Nehru has never offered to join the alliance against Communism in exchange for the liquidation of Western colonialism in Asia and Africa. That he hopes, nevertheless, for disinterested intervention in favour of freedom for Goa is a measure of his unacknowledged but real faith in the moral quality of the democratic West with its philosophical commitment to freedom.

Western statesmen may be tempted to be merely amused by the predicament of Nehru, a neutral who refuses to acknowledge the West as the champion of freedom in the cold war, and yet expects it to come to his aid against Portuguese colonialism. But surely it would be worthier to regard Nehru's dilemma as a challenging opportunity for the West to prove the sincerity of its espousal of freedom? Meanwhile, on the less exalted plane of the cold war, Western statesmen by their silence on colonial issues such as Goa are only playing into the hands of Communist propagandists. Nothing made Bulganin and Khrushchev more popular during their recent visit to India than their forceful denunciation of Portuguese imperialism in Goa. Earlier, Chou En-lai earned immense gratitude in India by supporting the liberation of Goa while he warned the Portuguese against celebrating the fourth centenary of their occupation of Macao on the Chinese mainland. It is only the minority of politically mature Indians who realise that Communist denunciation of Western colonialism is valueless propaganda, and that we cannot, as of right, expect the United States to risk alienating a military ally by pressing Portugal to scuttle its foreign possessions. To the majority of Indians the neutralism of the Western democracies in the fight against colonialism is as incomprehensible and annoying as is India's own neutralism in the fight against aggressive totalitarian Communism to the free nations of the West.

G. N. S. Raghavan

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We Dream of Motor-cars

VISUALLY cars are as important as clothes, more telling, on an ordinary level, than houses. They come near to the centre of our daydreams, for in the event of actual possession we gain not only the sign but the power itself: if we promote ourselves to a Jaguar we can do a hundred in third, whatever anyone says. It is easier to be indifferent to the buildings in the narrow streets of the city than to the shining forms that pass us or block our way, that make us run or, having stopped us, keep us speculating about their occupants. It is easier to be indifferent to the man who sits beside us in the bus biting his thumb than to the driver who, a yard or two away, stuck in the same jam, drums his fingers on the wheel of his own car, or stretches and makes the car flex up and down as he moves.

Nothing gives a clearer picture of the shop-window meaning of body-styling* than the arrangement and captions of sales photographs: "The classical tradition. The pediment and graceful columns of Moor Park, Rickmansworth . . . are reflected in the unchanging shape of the Rolls-Royce radiator" —from an illustration to a *Times* Supplement and not an advert, caption and picture describe Rolls-Royce's intentions. What is the car about? we ask ourselves. The stylist here has our reactions in the palm of his hand: it is about taste, decorum, discreet efficiency, ancient craftsmanship, so we are supposed to think; and £4,796 . 10s. Any sales photograph, the simple juxtaposition of car and girl or car and house, is more telling than any art-drawing even though the latter allows for spectacular and effective distortion. Two photographs helped to launch the new M.G.A two-seater; one (fig. 10) referred to its social status and showed it against a Cotswold pub with merry wrought-iron signs and a blazered, whiskered owner; the other (fig. 11) offered its functional credentials and showed streamlining tests being carried out on its shell. Half-timbering, the clean, thoroughbred, medium-expensive joys of English country life, technical efficiency giving respectability to raciness—these are the connotations. Mercedes Benz ram home the potency of their 300 S.L. with a photograph (fig. 14) from low on the ground, the car seen head on with its gull-wing doors raised against a streaked and turbulent evening sky. This, Mercedes imply, with almost horrifying romanticism, is the invincible, implacable genius of our products. Simca, borrowing *Vogue's* blank take-it-or-leave-it surrealism, allow the elegance of their models to waft at you like an essence (fig. 12). General Motors present this year's dream car like a traditional movie queen (fig. 13); remote, on show, in an unaccountable light, it is and is meant to be no more and no less imaginable as a real car than Joan Crawford in her prime was imaginable as a real woman.

II

NOWHERE is styling itself developed further than by General Motors in these experimental models "created to test public opinion as to their futuristic styling and design. . . ." The Cadillac La Esparda (fig. 13) shown at Earls Court in October was the latest such. Immensely long, low, and wide, its general form carried the usual American implications of smooth luxury and power to a refined degree. The air intake at the front was a single recessed grill, the

* "Styling" is the word used by the motor industry to describe the outward form of the car. The "stylist" is the person who is responsible for it. He has not necessarily anything to do with the engineers who designed the machinery. Styling can and usually does develop at its own tempo from model to model, independent of the machinery.

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chrome embellishments were gathered together into two enlarged bomb-shaped protuberances from which sprang the gull-wing blades of the fenders. Paired headlamps were sunk deep into chrome-lined recesses. At the tail, fins were moulded up from the flanks of the car and rocket motor nozzles carried the exhausts. The double bed, it seemed, had turned suddenly into a machine, a disturbing and inscrutable new invention. We were far from cars. To look into the interior, ribbed, metallic, the seats covered in black leather with a faint and authentic crackle, the instruments grouped in heavy banks, gave us that sudden tremor, that intimation of extreme conditions that we feel when we look into the cockpit of a one-man submarine or a fighter in the Lambeth War Museum—except that it was all an effect and we knew that the car had not been anywhere, done anything, but was brand new. We were, in fact, within the ambience of Hollywood. The juxtaposition of the sheen on the skin and the glint of metal designed to go far beyond human limits, a fundamental motif in many films and incidentally in motor racing, was here embodied in the form and texture of the car.

La Esparda represents the content of styling developed to its most advanced degree. There is nothing in Europe to compare with this. It is futile to represent this fact as a loss or a gain to either side. The point of Borax* design turns upon the expendability of the car. Clearly in Europe motor cars are less lightly expendable than in the U.S. Furthermore there is in England a disposition to be fond of a car for what it is, which is probably unique. Certainly in no other country would the leading daily feature a long article on the heartbreak of selling a car, as *The Times* did recently.

By contrast with the Baroque prodigality of American cars, European ones appear at their best austere, at their worst meaningless. For obvious reasons, European cars are underpowered by U.S. standards. They have less to give away, less room for fantasy, and their performances are highly differentiated. American cars are extraordinarily uniform in their efficiency. They can cruise with heavy loads at very high speeds and in great comfort. In Europe, on the other hand, the nuances of status that go with each make are reflected in performance as well as appearance; this fact alone makes it necessary to distinguish between style in the U.S. and in Europe.

Assessment of the qualities of styling, in so far as it takes place at all in England, proceeds from two opposite points of view. Mr. John Bolster speaking of the "breathtaking beauty" of the Lancia Aurelia Gran Turismo (fig. 9), says that the car "has that functional look, that fitness for purpose which is more attractive than any decoration." This, as a statement of standards, would probably be accepted by most sports car enthusiasts and those to whom workmanship and performance and the glamour, rugged or slick, of racing cars and aeroplanes provide criteria for everyday machines.

On the other hand, there is a response only recently become articulate, which implies a meeting of the motor car body-stylist on his own ground. Mr. Rayner Banham, its spokesman in this country, speaks of the stylist's art, ". . . that extraordinary continuum of emotional - engineering - by - public - consent which enables the automobile industry to create vehicles of palpably fulfilled desire." Banham gives whole-hearted applause to American styling: "Arbiter and interpreter between the industry and the consumer, the body-stylist deploys, not a farrago of meaningless ornament, as fine-art critics insist, but a means of saying something of breathless but unverbalisable consequence to the live culture of the Technological Century."

Clearly neither view will suffice as an æsthetic of European cars, neither the moral tradition of vintage values nor the pagan acceptance of Borax, the first because it denies the representational element in car design, the second because it takes nothing else into account.

III

"FUNCTIONAL Chrome has for many years been giving way to chromium decoration. . . . In fairness to the coachwork on the new Aston Martins (fig. 6) it should

* "Borax" has come to mean, in industrial design jargon, the embellishment of products with motifs taken from other machines. The classic example is the "streamlining" of something that does not move fast, such as a tea-pot; in cars it can mean anything from chromium "speed flashes" along the side to the total form.

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be pointed out that the unfamiliar chromium strip does in fact serve a useful purpose." The *Autocar's* austere words imply a high ideal of car design—but one that leaves out of account the whole potential of the car's appearance; for where, if a chromium strip may not be, if the designer so wants it, mere decoration, is one to stop? The profile of the bonnet, the tension of wing surfaces; these are not the engineer's decisions but the stylist's. The design purist would argue a distinction between a basic form and a superficial embellishment, but unless he took the representational content of the form into account, he would have a job to prove his point.

Even if English design authorities do not admit it, the representational element is strong in the admired cars. A difference between U.S. models and English is that the former range over a wide field, drawing symbolically on many sources while the references of the latter are almost exclusively concerned with cars.

Ever since the early thirties Jaguars have experimented in extreme styling. Two motifs have inspired their work: the high-powered sports car and the luxury saloon. Up to now (and still in the Mark VII) Jaguars have featured the vertical radiator grill and cowling derived from Rolls Bentley, and they have set against it the heavy curved group of the saloon and boot and the long springing line of the wings. Jaguars are masters of this effect, the hallmark of English Grand Turismo, the effect of a tower of strength behind a stiff upper lip, and they exploit it with just the note of *Kitsch* that is appropriate to their station. Similarly with their sports cars of the thirties, whose exaggerated proportions, amounting in the famous "100" to a caricature of the classic Le Mans figuration, for a long time made cars that looked just a little faster than they really were. The miraculous X.K. 140 (fig. 2) is no longer rugged but sleek and feminine with a curving waist, although its main motif is still the long forward-leaping line from rear wheel to front. The new 2·4 litre saloon (fig. 1) makes a total synthesis. It takes the curved grill of the X.K. 140 and leads its line right back to the tail of the boot; the characteristic leap of the old sports car is still there and also the luxurious grouping of the saloon which now sits itself firmly into this clean line and gets an added rakishness from it which is offset by the old-fashioned window shapes and thick pillars.

Representational design of this kind is based on an idea of what a car is. In the U.S. such an idea is unified and general and it is against this firm notion that American Borax can operate: even in the new Lincoln Continental (fig. 3), with its snob references to European forms and a famous car of the past, the modern American car remains intact underneath. It is as much a carnival float as La Esparda, only its subject happens to be a car.

English stylists set themselves a stiffer problem since they take their motives from within what the car aspires to be. The Jaguar 2·4 really is luxurious and of high performance. But few succeed. It is their total failure to evolve a visual notion of what a car should be that makes everything that Austins have done since the war, except perhaps the little A. 30 van, of little value from point of view of styling. The fact is that European car style needs not only a firm if varied idea of what a car is but demands a continual renewal of that idea. The Jaguar 2·4 is, after all, the final refinement of a concept (the fact that photographs suggest that it is very much bigger than it really is indicates how fully it embodies a representation of a kind of car); and its total effect though elegant is insipid. But if it is perhaps the end of an earlier line it may also be the beginning of a new one for it is the first model produced by Jaguars with integral body-chassis construction.

The first serial-produced English cars to seize a new idea of car form from integral construction were Fords, and the form, when it appeared in the Zephyr (fig. 4) and Consul models, was ugly. That is to say it outraged one's notions of what a car looked like. Slab sides shrouded the traditional anatomy. The line of wings, the detailing of running-board, lamps, and so on had given way to an unbroken plane from stem to stern. Standards and Rootes had already seen this possibility but had remained shy of it, Standards tucking in the back of the original Vanguard so that the bonnet pressed forward in the traditional manner, Rootes modelling the wheel arches and giving shallow indications of the wings that ensured that the new cars would still "look like cars." Fords extended the boot symmetrically, placing the saloon

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amidships. Motion is not manifest in this grouping and when we see the vehicle at rest we see it not as we would see a man with feet (he walks in the direction his toes point) but as we would see a man on castors (he goes the way he is pushed). The Zephyr's action is mechanical not athletic, its driver does not ride his steed nor cuddle his car round him like a dressing-gown, but sits as though at a desk in a warm room which he causes to be propelled up and down the roads. The slab-sided shape has been gradually taken over by other makes. Austins for instance in their present A. 40/50 and A. 90 models miss the point and draw a traditional anatomy upon it with flashes that stream back and a built-up air scoop that gives forwardness to the front of the car. They mould "skin" away from the headlamps and grill, implying hardness in the second, softness in the first. The strength of the Ford is precisely that it avoids all such obvious morphism and gives a peculiarly astringent notion of a car. However, the form has become sufficiently well established to take representational treatment when properly handled. Its most powerful features, the oblong flanks, if detached slightly from the saloon can be made to echo the profile of supersonic fighters. In America this is old stuff; now in Europe Sunbeam Rapier (fig. 5), Vanguard III, and Simca work on this suggestion.

The Sunbeam Rapier, in its jazzy way, makes something alluring out of the slab-sided model. The new 2 litre Citroën (fig. 7) does the same with a particular brand of continental ugliness. The mass of the hull seems hardly to exist: the frameless windows, the slender pillars abruptly disconnected in line from the sides, the sharp rim of the roof, the bald accentuation of the junction between each pressing, such features give a strange jig-saw weightlessness. The sources of the car include elements in earlier Citroën models, the wheel-at-four-corners-look of the Traction Avant, the dipped nose of the little 2 C.V. Here styling expresses wittily what the car is: a dream car bred from a line of the most reasonable cars ever made. The extraordinary weightlessness of its appearance turns one's mind to its performance: where steering, brakes, gears, and suspension are hydraulically assisted, what on earth can it feel like to drive? Only the intention will be yours, the rest the car's. It trims its own level all the time. Will it be able to lean inwards on a corner? Will it be like driving in one's sleep?

IV

WHEN we have read all the signs that are built in to it, we are left with the car's own anatomy, with its height off the ground, its stance, its profiles, the grouping of lamps, air intakes, and bumpers, everything that makes it different from another model. None of this would mean a thing if we did not know it in movement, if we did not watch for the characteristic unfolding as it travels, the three-quarter view of its approach wheeling into full length, and the final closing of the form as it passes us. We look for expression in that sequence of aspects, for something, a development, that sets a seal on the characteristics of each car. Driving behind them this development is postponed and we follow a performance of limited movements that show us how they sit or yield, how they cock themselves under braking or gather themselves as they accelerate.

Thus we address ourselves not only to their proportions but also to their prowess; a new conception of what it can do; the Le Mans rig of a 1935 M.G. becomes intolerable when we know that it can be licked by a 1955 Ford Anglia, whatever the romantic pleasures of driving it. The "timeless" qualities of car design are a myth—as vintage enthusiasts admit when they don their deerstalkers. A car is as good as it is and its anatomy affecting only in so far as it expresses with style its own prowess. Knowledge of its excellence will never make the Bristol 405 (fig. 8) a good-looker; on the other hand, its beautiful predecessor will remain so only as long as it holds its sovereign position as a car.

In Europe, where styling takes its terms from cars themselves, we look, in the end, not for signs as much as for forms which we discover to be expressive. It is not enough to press wings so that they look as though they were being moulded by the wind. We demand a form that enhances the car's movement not the reverse. For no Borax machine can keep up with the imaginary wind that moulds it.

Andrew Forge

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TV and Films

The Anglicisation of Outer Space

THE arrival of TV seems to have done some good for the film, if not for those with a financial interest in it. To begin with, the emergence of a rival that threatened to usurp its rule over the herd provoked it to grow some new adornments, in the form of bigger and technically better images. And now that the early battles are past, and a state of more or less peaceful co-existence prevails between the old order and the new, the old has as usual started to take over ideas from the new: we are beginning to be given films based on successful television programmes, such as *Dragnet* and *The Long Long Trailer*. Perhaps the most interesting of these films is a British one, a recent science-fiction piece called *The Quatermass Xperiment*. This is a free adaptation by Richard Landau and Val Guest of a BBC Television serial by Nigel Kneale called *The Quatermass Experiment* — that is, Kneale's first Quatermass play, the one televised in 1953, not the sequel (*Quatermass II*) produced at the end of last year. The *Experiment* presumably became an *Xperiment* after the film had been awarded an "X" Certificate (in the language of publicity, X stands for seX and boX-office appeal). In the present article, the title *Quatermass Xperiment* is used to designate the film only, *Quatermass Experiment* the serial and also the basic story.

THE monster from outer space which is the villain of *The Quatermass Experiment* is a kinsman of the Thing which figured in Hollywood's *The Thing from Another World*. The Thing, roughly speaking, was a sort of mobile vegetable. Its cell-structure and powers of reproducing itself were those of a plant; its anatomy was that of a heavyweight boxer. It threw its weight about like a tearaway looking for trouble, and its mode of attack was founded on brute force. In short, it was not so inhuman after all: it was just another monster of the King Kong kind, except that, being a plant, it did not, in approaching the human race, differentiate between the female of the species and the male.

The *Quatermass* monster is a far stranger and more complex creation. It is no mere member of an odd species from another world which amalgamates human and vegetable attributes; it is a creature in the process of metamorphosis from human being into plant. Moreover, its form of aggression is altogether inhuman. Above all, whereas the Thing was a free agent, this is a thing possessed. It, or he, is the only member to return of the crew of three that had manned the first rocket-ship to travel from this planet into outer space. The force and intelligence that control his body are no longer human: his body has been occupied by some impalpable, immaterial life that has got into the rocket in outer space, to destroy his colleagues' bodies and take his over as an instrument of destruction.

His gradual metamorphosis is achieved through the absorption of foreign bodies. Whatever living organism he touches has the life "drained out of it," and that life enters and transforms him. He strikes a cactus, and his arm is transmuted into a cactoid growth. He kills two or three men, and then, as the process of change speeds up, several large birds (in the film, animals at a zoo). His size increases as he gradually loses all semblance to a human being and becomes a huge crawling mass of cactoid pulp, casting off spores which are themselves capable of multiplying

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and feeding on human tissue. By the time Quatermass finds a means to end its life, the pullulating monstrosity that was once a man resembles an enormous octopus with tentacles that can ooze their way like roots through solid stone.

If the Thing from another planet is a relation of this creature, it is clearly a country cousin. Nigel Kneale's brand of fantasy compares with the general run of science-fiction as the "psychological" thrillers of a Graham Greene or a Simenon compare with the average detective novel. "Psychological" is exact. Kneale is evidently obsessed with the idea of an invasion of the *mind* as a means of destroying the human race. The one thing in common between *The Quatermass Experiment* and its sequel, *Quatermass II*, is this theme, which, in the sequel, indeed, is a good deal more explicit. Whereas in the first play a strange force takes possession of an individual who thereby becomes capable of destroying all mankind by biological means, in the second play the earth is bombarded from another planet with countless pseudo-meteorites contact with which on the part of a human being induces, as the script puts it,

> an instantaneous invasion of the whole nervous system . . . a sort of mental sting . . . comprehension of the victim's faculties—his awareness —even his subconscious knowledge. . . . Imagine a group mind: a thousand billion individuals, if you like, with one single consciousness.

One recalls that it was Kneale who did the admirable adaptation for BBC Television of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

As a matter of fact, in the earlier play the emphasis on the "psychological" factor was far stronger than can be realised by those who know it only from the film. In the *Xperiment*, the monster is destroyed by an electric charge. No such crude weapon is used in the *Experiment*. Before what does happen is described, it must first be explained that, in the play, the body of Victor Carroon, the only one of the three explorers to return alive—the others having been reduced to a jelly—contains the minds of all the three men, whereas in the film the minds of the other two men have been annihilated, and secondly, that, whereas in the film the rocket was equipped with a ciné-camera that has taken a silent film of what happened during the flight, in the play the rocket was equipped with a tape-recorder.

This is how the play ends. Outside Westminster Abbey, where the monster is lurking, flame-throwers are stationed—imperfect weapons, since it is imperative that no fragment of the Thing should escape destruction. With only minutes to go before zero hour, Professor Quatermass enters the Abbey. He moves towards the monster and begins to talk to it, calling the three men by their names. Then he plays back the tape-recording of what the men were saying when the unknown force got into the rocket and took possession of them. And when it is finished, Quatermass speaks:

> You will overcome this evil. Without you it cannot exist upon the earth—it can only know by means of your knowledge — understand through your understanding. It can only exist through your submission. Victor Carroon — Ludwig Reichenheim—Charles Greene—you are resisting this thing. Now go further—go further! With all your power—and mine joined to yours —you must dissever from it, send it out of earthly existence. You — as men — must die. Greene! Reichenheim! Carroon!

And almost at once the Thing does die. That it is not called upon to do so in the film is an illuminating comment on what is conceived to be the difference between a cinema and a television audience.

THE peculiar nature of Kneale's contribution to science-fiction can best be seen by reverting to the comparison with *The Thing from Another World*. At the climax of the Hollywood film, when the sensible military are about to ambush the Thing with a high-voltage charge, the idealistic professor, dedicated to the quest for knowledge and filled with his belief in the ultimate goodness of all Things, advances towards it and, still hoping for communication with it, addresses it in civil, plaintive tones. The Thing fells and kills him with a blow, then moves menacingly onwards to its violent death.

It is tempting to think that Kneale had this episode in mind when he made his professor confront the monster and quell it with kind words, for it does seem possible that in writing the *Experiment* he was consciously rewriting *The Thing from Another World*. If this was the case, there is some irony in the transformation of the original plot which

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occurs in the *Xperiment*, where no gentle words are spoken, and the monster, like the Thing, is killed by an electric shock. The conflict between an idealistic belief in the efficacy of words and a materialistic belief in the efficacy of high-voltage fought out among the characters of *The Thing* might be said to have been fought out afresh between the author of the *Experiment* and the script-writers of the *Xperiment*, with the materialists, as before, having the last word.

But if, in the matter of ideological content, the *Xperiment* has played down the difference between *Quatermass* and *The Thing*, in its imagery the film remains as revolutionary as the play.

The iconography of *The Thing* was perfectly traditional: the monster was a simple hybrid. The *Quatermass* monster is a creature undergoing a process of metamorphosis which involves changes undreamt of by old-time mythology and which might have been suggested by certain more or less surrealist paintings and sculptures. As we see it on the poster—human, save for one arm that has become a cactus—it calls to mind a well-known sculpture by Germaine Richier of a human figure one of whose arms is the branch of a tree. The arm itself at this stage, a pulpy mass with spikes sticking out of it, calls to mind a particular *Thorn Head* by Graham Sutherland which has similar spikes and a similar pulpy mass at the centre. At the next stage in its transformation, when all we see of it is a glimpse of its face through the shrubbery and a sight of the trail of slime it leaves behind it, we are likely to be reminded of certain paintings by Francis Bacon done about six or seven years ago in which the human face and figure are translated into a kind of clotted grey protoplasm. A further suggestion of Bacon's work arises in the lifeless heads of the monster's victims, which are, as it were, smeared, as by the paint that Bacon smears across the features of a face. Next, when the monster reappears completely changed, it has assumed an octopoid form which, while it links up with a monster so conventional as the one that appears in *It Came from Beneath the Sea*, not to say hardy perennials like the giant squid in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, also resembles the ubiquitous biomorphs of so-called abstract surrealism. Finally, the really beautiful sequence in which we see a play-back of the film taken in the rocket, a film which has been damaged, the blurring and fading and distorting of the image as we watch the men in their space-suits gliding weightlessly about has a certain correspondence with the current taste among painters for smudged impressions of photographs reproduced on spongy newsprint.

Not only do the visible forms in *The Experiment* have links with contemporary art, but so does the conception of space which the story implies. The malignant force that penetrates into the rocket is an immaterial form of life "drifting" in space itself, "a sort of plankton of the ether," "pure energy, without an organic structure." This notion of an active yet impalpable force in space is a feature of current art criticism. Andrew Ritchie, referring to Giacometti's sculptures, writes that "The objects in this world seem not to displace space but to be sucked into it. Space, like water on a stone, seems slowly to be eating the substance of things away." Writing in more general terms, Lawrence Alloway has lately said: "Space, now, is not nothing but—among the new people in the new decade—something." In *The Quatermass Experiment*, current highbrow notions of space meet the current lowbrow obsession with outer space: the "space" of "spatial sculpture" and the "space" of "space fiction" become one and the same.

WE HAVE already seen how, in certain respects, *The Quatermass Xperiment* plays down some of Nigel Kneale's more outlandish ideas. The general tendency of the adaptation, in fact, is to build up human conflicts at the expense of the exposition of ideas. Thus, in the *Experiment*, the main source of conflict was an intellectual disagreement—involving personal jealousies, it is true—between Quatermass and a member of his research staff who does not figure at all in the film, whereas in the film the principal conflict is between Quatermass, with his devotion to science, and Judith Carroon, with her devotion to her husband's well-being. One important consequence of this tendency in the adaptation is that the exposition of the scientific background of the story is fragmentary and confusing.

The film, in fact, jettisons much of what is

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most curious in the *Experiment* in favour of stock dramatic situations. On the other hand, the piece gains enormously from the presence of one episode in the film which is absent from the play and is the only episode in either that is touched with imaginative greatness. This is the sequence at the zoo. We see the animals and birds in their cages at nightfall, hear and see in their sharp cries and anxious pacings how they sense the approach of an unseen danger, are allowed a brief glimpse of the watching monster, and then it is morning and we see the corpses of the animals. There is nothing very new about it all: the big cats pacing in their cages and the hysterical cries of animals and birds in the presence of someone they fear are both indebted, it is probably safe to say, to *The Curse of the Cat People*. But it is done to perfection, with camera and sound-track working in perfect concord and with consummate economy to build up an uncanny tension.

For the most part, however, the *Xperiment* is a scrappy and unconvincing film by comparison with Hollywood's best essays in science-fiction. Nevertheless, it is a significant film, not only because of the originality of Kneale's ideas, but also because of the consequences of its being a British film.

The British tradition in film-making is essentially a tradition of what might be called intimate character comedy. It is a genre found at its purest in the Ealing comedies on the one hand, the Huggett Family saga on the other, but it tends to invade almost everything we do: it can be found in *The Third Man*; it is what gives our war films their particular flavour. There was already something of it in the *Experiment*, but one of the effects of the adaptation is to introduce much more of it by making every minor character a "character." The film is infested with English eccentrics: it is, in fact, a marriage between science-fiction and British character comedy.

Its mood, therefore, is strikingly different from that of Hollywood science-fiction. It is very much less didactic: we have already observed that it is less didactic than the TV play, and even this was free of the lantern-lectures and the diagrams on blackboards beloved of Hollywood science-fiction. It is much more intimate, more domestic, in scale: it is unencumbered with reporters, press photographers, and commentators; it uses the Metropolitan Police, led by Jack Warner, where the Americans would use the U.S. Army; it depicts no hurried conferences between the high-ups of the administration or the executive; it presents crowds brimming with curiosity but devoid of hysteria, crowds —groups of individuals, rather—fearful not for their lives but only for their plans for the day.

But perhaps the oddest thing of all, by American standards, is the shameless amorality of the film. Hollywood science-fiction tends to have a strong moral tone, with patriotic and theological overtones. Even *The War of the Worlds*, as waged by Hollywood, became, in its last sequence, a Catholic tract. No earnest moralisings qualify the matter-of-fact tone with which the *Xperiment* relates horrors that have the most obscene implications. Even the setting of the climax in Westminster Abbey provides no occasion for religious fervour. On the contrary. . . .

When it is all over, the Detective Inspector tells Quatermass that he'd been doing a bit of quiet praying during the last day or two. Quatermass turns and walks alone through the Abbey, the man whose lust for knowledge has brought a horrible doom to his friends and threatened the world with destruction. People question him; Quatermass walks on unheeding. The moment has come for the man of science to acknowledge a greater power and fall on his knees before God. He walks down an aisle towards the altar, deep in thought. He turns and walks out into the light. A young assistant approaches him, asks him a question. "Yes, Marsh," he replies quietly, "I'm going to need some help." "Help, sir?" "Yes, I'm going to start again."

David Sylvester

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Comment

"Dates and Parties"

THE author may be allowed to criticise his critic when the latter passes a doubtful judgment on a matter not of opinion, but of fact. In your November issue Mr. G. S. Fraser quotes a passage of dialogue from my book *Dates and Parties*, and asserts that the somewhat eloquent style in which it is written is ludicrously inappropriate to the conversation of a cocktail party. I am in total agreement with him, but to those of your readers who may have been led by Mr. Fraser to believe that my book is entirely imbecile, I beg to point out that the passage in question is not from any scene of cocktail or other party life, but from a dialogue between two men in grave and intimate conversation. Allow me the arrogance to invoke a sublime example. If a critic said that Ulysses' great speech in *Troilus and Cressida*—"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back"—was all very well, but it showed Shakespeare's pitiful inability to write cut-and-thrust party conversation, would it not be rather unjust to the author? And would it suggest that the critic was a conscientiously careful workman?

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Dorset

U and Non-U

I THINK Professor Ross is sometimes a little out of date. Things move fast in this field. A U person would have to be very old indeed still to dislike the telephone or wireless. Television is another matter. (Am I right in thinking *TV* is more U than *telly*?) "Non-U *corsets*/U *stays*" is an outmoded distinction. They seem always to be called something else now. *La-di-da* is not much heard. Even *la-di-posh* is getting rare.

Some of Professor Ross's points I don't recognise at all. "When drunk, gentlemen . . . never become truculent." See daily press. A Fox-Strangways kicks a Minister of the Crown down the steps of his club. A Spencer-Churchill is arrested for manhandling a policeman. Then surely an ambassador would be surprised at a letter beginning *Dear Excellency*. *Your Excellency*, I should have thought. Again, why should it be only a duke who would put down *Dear Sir* to a gentlemanly disapproval of titles? Might not a mere viscount? To me the ending *Yours* suggests not doubt about the adverb to follow, but ease and warmth. Do young women who have been in the Services really say *Sir* in conversation? I have never heard it, and hope not to: it would suggest a harem or an ops room. I also question *acknowledge*, non-U, to rhyme with *bowl*. . . . "Let me show you the geography of the house," meaning lavatory. About equally affected from duke or dustman. . . . I should say *bedspread* is current U and *counterpane* ever so (U, *very*) slightly non-U. I hotly deny the non-U-ness of *potting* the baby. What else? Set on the pot? Magniloquent. Lift? Circumlocutory. Take to the lavatory? Inaccurate. There has to be something. . . . U *hall* or *dining-room* for non-U *lounge* is surely a simple error. *Drawing-room* is the right translation. Personally I will not speak of the *lounge* even in a hotel. *Downstairs* or *the big room* may be vague, but it's worth it. . . . Non-U *preserve*/U *jam*. There's a technical distinction here which has to be observed in U kitchens as well.

I have some footnotes. The Italian for *Cheers* is *Cin-cin, come dicono gli inglesi*. It is non-U. There is some justification for *Cheers* itself; it seems to be a signal from the provider of the drink to his guest that the latter may now drink. A nice courtesy, in a way. *Cartholic* and *Marss*; I know one ultramontane who says *Vartican*. Rhyming *clerk* with *mirk* is as much American as non-U. There is a superb couplet in the Rogers and Hart musical *Pal Joey*:

> "English people don't say clurk, they say clark.
> Anybody who says clark is a jark."

Hotel and *humour*. Professor Michael Oakeshott writes *an historian* but says *a historian*. Why has *an historian* lasted several centuries longer than *an history*? . . . "Can a U-speaker become a non-U-speaker?" No, I agree. But I know a distinguished journalist who had an utterly U origin and education but now talks U phrases with a strong and natural cockney accent.

Lastly, I wonder if Professor Ross or Miss Mitford would give a ruling about women shaking hands in gloves?

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And what about the increasingly common U *loo* for lavatory? Am I right in thinking it appeared about 1945 from certain U Roman Catholic convent schools? And that it comes from the medieval *gary loo* (*gare à l'eau*) which was what you shouted before you emptied the slops out of the window?

Yours, etc. (and that *is* doubt),

WAYLAND YOUNG

London, W.2

BUT why have our philological scholars never risen to this manifest duty before? This apart, philology is a dull, unimportant, disjointed, antiquarian subject, of very little interest to outsiders, except occasionally to historians and literary critics. Look at the essential triviality of even Professor Ross's previous contributions, as listed on page 3 of your last issue. Of course *false* philology, or false inferences from philology, is very interesting. But now that the Nazi implications of Grimm and Max Müller, and the Marxism of Marr, have been exploded, what is there of general interest or importance that philologists can do?

Surely only what Professor Ross has done: they can throw light on our class structure. But this is such an *obvious* thing to do—it is one of the main staples of U party conversation. Why, then, has it not been done before? *I suggest that it is because most English philologists of the English language are non-U.* Romance languages, classical languages, Oriental languages—the philology of these has always attracted good upper or upper middle-class brains. But to graduate in English philology you must study Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, etc.—and rather slight observation suggests to me that at my own university this academic discipline attracts only the middle middle classes and below. Why is not clear to me; perhaps someone more closely connected with the subject could explain.

Anyhow, clearly only a U-speaker can write properly on U and non-U, for a non-U-speaker (even Mr. Kingsley Amis) would be too self-conscious, and would tend to turn even as he wrote into a U-speaker, thereby confusing himself. So I suggest that until Professor Ross there have been no U-speaking English philologists of English; and in consequence the study of our class dialects has been left to novelists and party conversation. The most serious tract on it hitherto has been not by Miss Mitford, incidentally, but by that Irishman and natural aristocrat George Bernard Shaw.

Admittedly there is one kind of non-U philologist who *has* to take account of these things: the lexicographer. He demonstrates how impossible it is for non-U-speakers to be objective: his word for U is "correct."

DOOLITTLE

Oxford

SPEAKING in Manchester on January 6th, 1905, the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, claimed that he could write his fiscal policy on "a half sheet of note-paper," and during the Tariff Reform controversy that followed the words became part of the political vocabulary.

As a standard of language in use among the upper classes, the ordinary speech of the "Souls" during the nineties and nineteen-hundreds is as reliable as any other, since the social position of that group of friends was scarcely open to challenge; and from memory I can assert that "note-paper" raised fewer eyebrows in good society than "non-U" would have done, had such a locution ever been heard.

MICHAEL DUGDALE

London, S.W.3

MR. GEORGE MIKES can be assured that he may in general be as "ill" as he likes without losing caste. The non-U element is not contained in the word itself but in its use as a refinement of "sick" when the latter means to "vomit." "I was ill directly we left Dover" is non-U, but "He was feverish before we left Bombay and was really ill for the first week of the voyage" is correct.

Professor Ross says that non-U "serviette"/ U "table-napkin" is the best known of all the class indicators in English. This was certainly the case twenty years ago, but nowadays I do not think that anyone with any pretension to U speech would say "serviette." Surely the best indicator today is Professor Ross's other example, "pardon"; but the version "beg pardon" I would class rather as obsolete-U than non-U. On the other hand "I beg your pardon" is correct U, being the polite form of the only admissible alternatives "what?" or "sorry."

Professor Ross does not mention another good class indicator—non-U "to retire"/ U "to go to bed."

OLIVE LLOYD-BAKER

Gloucester

THE main effect of Professor Ross's paper seems to have been to prove that there are no completely U or non-U speakers. But the following points are worth noting.

(1) The pronunciation *Durby* is unknown in Derbyshire: it would immediately stamp the user not so much non-U as a southerner. Equally, I should imagine that *Burkly* does not occur in Gloucestershire.

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(2) In Bucks, "Bernard" is pronounced by the family *Barnard*, by local people *Burnard*; on the other hand, "Verney" is *Vurney* to the family, *Varney* to the local people.

(3) Words like "cycle" and "radio" are second-order non-U. They could be called commercial-technical, arising from a desire to appear technically efficient—presumably itself non-U.

(4) "Cheers!" Everybody seems to have got this wrong. It stems not from a compulsive neurosis that demands ejaculation after accepting alcohol but from a natural desire to acknowledge that a drink has been bought by someone else. It is not used on occasions when people buy their own drinks; but silence in the face of a drink bought for one would be considered in most pubs—and, I suppose, in the Guards Club —decidedly rude, and rightly so. It would also be considered rude for the host to drink before his guests had toasted him, as if he were drawing attention to their lack. Saying "Cheers!" himself would be even worse.

(5) "Sweet" (for the course following the main one) must be a corruption of the more logical "Suite," which was surely U in its inception. The U reversal to "pudding" is an interesting case of arch snobbery.

ANDOR GOMME

Clare College
Cambridge

The Bad Old Style

BE GOOD enough and make it known that the poet Mr. Corke quotes at the beginning of "The Bad Old Style" (ENCOUNTER, June 1955) and goes on to attack is Arthur Gregor, and that the title of the book is *Octavian Shooting Targets*, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1954.

Whatever Mr. Corke's reasons were for omitting these facts, a lack of willingness or courage to accept full responsibility for his stand is implied. I do not share such an attitude. I certainly do not mean to defend the book or prove Mr. Corke's errors. I think both can speak for themselves. I merely wish it known that I assume nothing but total responsibility for the book and for what it represents, and hope that you will extend me the courtesy of printing this.

ARTHUR GREGOR

New York

Unacknowledged Quotations

I TURNED from a first cursory glance at the October ENCOUNTER with my interest aroused in Mr. Hilary Corke's defence of his use of unacknowledged quotation. A few hours later I met the following in Montaigne's essay on *The education of children*:

"The indiscreet writers of our age, amidst their trivial compositions, intermingle and wrest in whole sentences taken from ancient authors, supposing by such filching-theft to purchase honour and reputation to themselves, do clean contrary."

"And in those who endeavoured to hide what they have filched from others, and make it their own, it is first a manifest note of injustice, then a plain argument of cowardliness."

These criticisms I do not consider in the least relevant to Mr. Corke's work but I think any such accusations deserve more consideration than Mr. Corke affords them. To point to precedents is to jump in the last ditch with Rudyard Kipling ("When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre") and laugh at exposure.

"They knew 'e stole: 'e knowed they knowed,
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
And 'e winked back—the same as us."

D. C. DAVIES

University of Manchester

IT IS *unacknowledged* quotation that is being complained of; and Mr. Corke really may not cite music in defence of the practice. The work by Brahms has for its title "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," and all similar works will be found to be similarly entitled.

Two deeper points may be suggested.

Poems that are largely compounded of quotations must be poems written primarily for an almost professorial minority. The same limitation is implicit in the degree of closeness which Mr. Corke finds between the writing of poetry and the composition of music: great poetry must surely be more than an arrangement of sounds, however beautiful.

The whole course of poetry since Apollinaire and Eliot may be deemed to support the proposition, as far as it goes, that the importance of the achievement is in inverse ratio to the frequency of unacknowledged quotation.

ROBERT AICKMAN

London Opera Society Ltd.
London, E.C.2

"The Dark Eye in Africa"

MR. Laurens van der Post's mystical, beautifully-written piece, "The Dark Eye in Africa" (October 1955), *must* not be allowed to pass for serious thinking on the subject. Perhaps he didn't intend that it should. His intention, possibly, was more in the nature of æsthetic creation than reasoned argument and I may be guilty of callous pedantry in considering it on the latter

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plane. The fact remains, though, that Africa is a matter about which cabinets meet, budgets are debated, and elections fought. I am pedestrian enough to feel that, where such considerations apply, thinking had best be as clear as possible. In politics, van der Post's kind of undisciplined imagination may be a source of inspiration, but it may also be terribly dangerous.

"The Dark Eye in Africa" does, as a matter of fact, contain an "argument": (1) Before the arrival of Europeans, Africa was peopled by "African Man"—a Pan-like being who, though varying in superficial detail, was sufficiently uniform to warrant the use of such phrases as "the African heart" and the like. (2) The long isolation of African Man has, particularly during the past century, been disastrously intruded upon by "Restoration European Man"—blindly devoted to reason and at war with his natural, pagan self, with which he subconsciously identifies African Man. (3) "Natural" African Man and "thinking" European Man rejects African Man and denies him a place in European society. (4) Peace can only come through European Man's finding some new, transcending purpose through which he can reconcile the warring halves of his own soul and thus also become reconciled with his dark brother.

Now, obviously, this is not mere mystical nonsense. Clearly it is deeply felt by van der Post himself as a result of life-long association with Africans. He is not alone in this. White people's identification of Negroes with their own suppressed emotional drives has often been commented upon, both in South Africa and in the southern United States. Furthermore, van der Post is in good literary company, as a moment's reflection about the career of Natural Man in Western letters from Rousseau to Melville may remind us. His message may even have a kind of practical relevance to southern Africa, where reason seems in any case to have been banished from the scene and where, perhaps, only a competing mysticism has a chance of preventing ruin. But by no means all, or even most, of Africa is "white man's country." Van der Post's most serious disservice to the consideration of modern Africa lies in his splashing across the entire African canvas the dreadful dilemma of South Africa and the other islands of white settlement.

A glance at a map reveals how little applicable his whole picture is to the continent generally. In the first place, of course, students of indigenous African cultures would never accept van der Post's unitary image of African Man. Even leaving aside the Islamic north, in art, in religion, politics, and economics the variety is vast and he would be sanguine indeed who would, in the present state of knowledge, attempt to reduce it to a single pattern. Let us leave this point, however, for its documentation would require far too much space and in any case the important point is the view presented by "The Dark Eye" of relations between Europeans and Africans. Here the distortion is grotesque. It is simply not true that over most of Africa Europeans have systematically destroyed African society and then created a European society into which Africans were refused entry. I would remind van der Post of the vast areas of Africa (Nigeria, the Gold Coast, the Sudan, and Uganda, for example) where European Man came almost exclusively as a missionary, a District Officer, or a trader, often, perhaps, haughty and narrow, but also often—very often—devoted to giving Africa the best the West had to offer while preserving everything African which could survive in the modern world. I would remind him of the Africa of Mary Kingsley, David Livingstone, Joyce Carey, and Lyautey, an Africa just as real as the agonised Africa of Alan Paton. Today this other Africa is producing new, independent African societies with the acquiescence, and even encouragement (misguided and slow as African leaders, sometimes rightly, feel it to be) of European Man. In this context, European Man may certainly be called upon to swallow his paternalistic pride of power and exert to the full his magnanimity and good sense, but he is hardly engaged in a cosmic struggle with the other half of his soul. Neither is the African Man of this other Africa the suppressed and rebellious satyr of "The Dark Eye." Far from being shut out of European society, he is being rushed towards a European pattern of life as fast as, sometimes faster than, he can go while maintaining his equilibrium. Problems there are aplenty, but they are the problems of making big, new societies out of traditional little ones, of making Tories and Socialists out of single-minded nationalists. In all this, of course, European sympathy and understanding will count for a great deal, not least because we will in turn want sympathy and understanding from this new Africa.

Our sympathy and understanding may also quite properly go out to van der Post and his fellows, the present generation of settlers in those relatively small islands who inherit a dilemma not of their own making. At all costs, however, we must prevent their representing this dilemma to the world as "The Dark Eye in Africa" as a whole.

Lloyd A. Fallers

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BOOKS

America: Mystery and Mystification

AN ENGLISHMAN abroad, when he inquires about home, gives the impression of inviting reassurance: he waits to be told about the old and familiar things he nostalgically misses. An American abroad, when he asks his visitor from the States, "What's new?" gives the air of someone who does not want to miss out on the Second Coming. He is prepared for the most startling intelligence, which the reality usually falls far short of. Have the theatres in New York been converted into Zen temples? Has the University of Chicago gone nudist? Do people eat yogurt instead of steak? These are the most trivial questions he can think of. More often, his curiosity takes on near-apocalyptic dimensions; and I confess that if I were one day to be informed that, through some quirk in space-time, Florida had ceased to exist, I would not be nearly so shocked and astonished as, out of propriety, I would pretend. *At last*, I would think to myself, *a real piece of news*.

To be sure, this state of mind is made tolerable by an irony, a detachment, that invariably qualifies it: an American is half-actor, half-spectator, waiting for Godot but prepared to keep amiably busy if that gentleman never shows up. Nevertheless, it is a real state of mind—or, to be more precise, a state of anticipation. "America is promises," an enthusiastic lyricist once wrote; but which ones shall be kept?

Americans are fond of reproaching the foreigner with not understanding their country, which is quite true. But it is not generally recognised how profoundly Americans themselves are bewildered by their own country. Is it not extraordinary that the best book on American society has been written by a Frenchman (Tocqueville), the best books on American government by Englishmen (Bryce, Brogan)? Even when it comes to current affairs, I can testify how troublesome it is for an American periodical to get first-rate articles, on the American scene, from American writers. Publications (and their readers) outside America, naturally, fare even worse. I can easily imagine an Englishman arriving in New York and being puzzled by those little signs in the windows of Fifth Avenue shops: *Aquì se habla español*. The Good Neighbour policy in action? No, merely a reflection of the fact that, in the past decade, more than *a half-million* Puerto Ricans have moved into New York City—a fact with the profoundest consequences for America's most "European" city, but one which it is hard to get people to take seriously.

There is no lack of "explanations" for this situation. America is big; it is varied; it changes quickly; etc. Moreover, as the American historian Daniel J. Boorstin recently pointed out, there has been an "inversion of geographical and political distances"—American interest and attention centres on Washington, overlooking all the radical changes that are taking place under one's nose. But, though all these things are true, they do not add up to the truth, which is that Americans (and, after them, foreigners) do not comprehend America for the reason that America is not only a country but a mythology as well.

Probably the oddest aspect of this mythology is that it encompasses America and leaves out the Americans. A reader of Richard Pear's able introduction to American government* will learn much about the Constitution and the courts, but almost nothing about the people who use and abuse them. Dr. Pear is hardly to be blamed, since he is in this following some very respectable American models. Similarly, one can go through the two volumes of the new (and very mediocre)

* *American Government*. By RICHARD H. PEAR. MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.

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Pelican history of the United States* without ever learning that mass immigration, which ceased only a generation ago, was a decisive event in American life. In this, again, the authors are only repeating the errors of American historians, who used to give immigration a chapter and then forget about it, on the supposition that the newcomers "made their contribution" to American life and then, like the drone bee, quietly expired. It is only a few years ago that Samuel Lubell called attention to what had been staring everyone in the face, but was never noticed: that the New Deal revolution was not only social and economic, but ethnic as well, and that a "natural" Democratic majority was in the making with the arrival at voting age of the sons and daughters of the immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe.

To a considerable extent, what is involved here is a certain measure of hypocrisy by which Americans deceive themselves and others. Just because the population is so heterogeneous in origin, one pretends that it doesn't matter. That is why general information and statistics about America are almost meaningless unless one knows *who* is hidden behind that abstract mask. Is New York suffering a wave of crime and juvenile delinquency? One immediately hears earnest sermons about the social problems of our mass civilisation, whereas what may be happening is nothing more than an influx of Negro and Puerto Rican immigrants who, like earlier immigrants to New York, are undergoing a painful torment of adjustment. Has Maine elected a Democratic governor? It could mean a repudiation of the Eisenhower administration, but it may mean only that the French Canadians (or their children) are beginning to exercise their vote. Does the anti-British sentiment of the mid-West represent the heritage of the frontiersmen of the Revolution—or the prejudice of the large German population that later settled there? In the same way, since the 14 million Negroes constitute a depressed section of the population, economically (and otherwise too, of course), most figures on average wages, average annual income, and the like give a misleading, though technically accurate, picture of how the "average" American fares.

Another way in which Americans get left out of all discussions about America is by ignoring the rôle of religion. Since most American professors, writers, critics, etc. are indifferent to the matter, it is given only the most cursory attention in the kind of books that are taken up by the reading public in both America and Europe. Yet though God is nowhere mentioned in the American Constitution, Americans are a religious people—far more so than the English, or French, or Germans—and unless one knows this, one cannot begin to understand why they act as they do. Only the other day, a public opinion poll showed that an overwhelming majority of Americans disapproved in principle of allowing an atheist to occupy a teaching position, even in a university. One may feel discouraged or heartened by this state of affairs; but blandly to overlook it is as sensible as talking about India without noticing that the country is inhabited by Hindus—which, I concede, is frequently done.

BUT even more important than the myth of the American, that blank-featured incarnation of the spirit of '76 whom only Graham Greene has ever encountered in the flesh, is the myth of The Great Experiment. This phrase, indeed, is the title of a new introduction to American history, written (and written extraordinarily well) for the English reader, by Frank Thistlethwaite.* It is an intelligent and perceptive book, and one is glad to see it published. But I would challenge its basic theme, which is that American history is to be judged in terms of the American ideal, defined by Mr. Thistlethwaite as "a society fluid and experimental, uncommitted to rigid values, cherishing freedom of will and choice and bestowing all the promise of the future on those with the manhood to reject the past." I can understand how he got to believe this, since it is the creed of the liberal intelligentsia that dominates American academic life and American belles-lettres. It is not, however, the American creed—not really.

It is by now commonplace to say that France is a conservative country with a revolutionary ideology. The same can be said,

* *A History of the United States.* 2 vols. By R. B. NYE and J. E. MOPURGO. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

* *The Great Experiment.* By FRANK THISTLETHWAITE. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

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Historical Writing

Many well-known historians—including Professor Arnold Toynbee and Professor Commager of Columbia University—will contribute articles to a Special History Number of *The Times Literary Supplement* to be published on January 6. They will discuss such subjects as :—

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The Rise and Fall of " pure " Diplomatic History
The Development of Biographical Studies

The Transformation of Economic History since Cunningham
German attempts to re-examine their own tradition
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Tudor History in the University of London
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with no less relevance, about America. America was founded by religious dissenters who proceeded to establish highly conformist communities. The Declaration of Independence and the preamble to the Constitution were expressions of the philosophy of American government, *not* of the "American way of life," which has never been as secular, as individualistic, as utopian as the written documents might lead one to believe. Between ideology and reality there is a hiatus, across which there occasionally drifts a venerable rhetoric which has learned to breathe, and even thrive, in just this vacancy. It is the kind of rhetoric that we are all familiar with, and of which the above quotation from Mr. Thistlethwaite is a good example. It was invented, or rather imported by the Founding Fathers, and has been hallowed by repetition ever since. Most Americans think they really believe it, and most American intellectuals do believe it. Most people outside America also believe it, are always measuring America's performance by this ideal, and are always inevitably discovering that there is an unpleasant remainder left over in the real world.

An instance in point is America's immigration policy. The quota system, introduced after the First World War, is generally regarded as a repudiation of one of the most marvellous aspects of the American heritage. "The idea of the United States as an asylum and an experiment gave place to that of a folk society," Mr. Thistlethwaite says reproachfully; and this reproach is a common one, both outside and within the United States. But whose "idea" was it in the first place? There is no country which, without some overriding purpose, would welcome the mass entry of foreign-speaking immigrants. People don't like to be inundated by a tide of strangers, and the Americans are in this respect no different from Welshmen or Yorkshiremen. I do not know how to go about proving it, but I am almost certain that, at any time in the past hundred years, a sample of American public opinion would have shown a majority for curtailing and regulating immigration. In the event, up until 1918, policy and not opinion prevailed. But the process obviously could not go on for ever, and it is unreasonable to condemn it for not having done so. I would not wish to gloss over the harsh inequities of the present quota system. I simply want to call attention to the way in which a perfectly natural development comes to be seen through an ideological haze as a calamitous fall from grace.

Lest I be misunderstood: there *is* a sense in which the United States can fairly be said to be a great experiment. It is an experiment in establishing a republican and democratic form of government over a vast continent with a heterogeneous population. Miraculously enough, the experiment has succeeded. But American history has never been, and never will be, a Promethean effort to establish "a society fluid and experimental, uncommitted to rigid values." American society has certainly been fluid, for all sorts of reasons, most of them outside of human control; it has never been "experimental," except when circumstances forced it to be; and it has been committed to fairly rigid values ever since it began. In other words, America is different—in many ways fantastically different—from other countries. But it is not so different as to be out of this world. God's country or not, it is still like unto the nations.

"In the mid-twentieth century the American people still pursue their Revolutionary ideal," writes Mr. Thistlethwaite. This is a proposition almost any American will assent to. For F. Scott Fitzgerald, France was a land, England a people, but America was "a willingness of the heart." To this proposition, too, Americans will assent. They will, indeed, assent to any proposition that in a vague and high-sounding way presents America as something that holds an infinite and beautiful promise. This is the American *mystique*; Americans are naturally fond of it. But the American *mystique* is not America, though it is indisputably American.

EVEN the American liberal intellectual is beginning to appreciate the force of this distinction. In his new and brilliant book, *The Age of Reform*,* the Columbia historian, Richard Hofstadter, observes that American liberals today "find themselves far more conscious of those things they would like to preserve than they are of those things they would like to change." And he goes on to remark:

> . . . Americans do not abide very quietly the evils of life. We are forever restlessly pitting

* *The Age of Reform. From Bryan to F.D.R.* By RICHARD HOFSTADTER. Alfred A. Knopf (New York). $4.50.

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Life and Art in Moscow

From KENNETH TYNAN

MOSCOW NOVEMBER 19th

IN Leningrad on Thursday I signed a customs form vouching that my baggage contained no antelope horns, hashish or Manchurian beer, and was allowed to go on to Moscow, where Mr. Peter Brook's "Hamlet" company, the first English theatrical troupe to arrive since the Revolution, will open on Wednesday.

Moscow is a vast convention of warehouses, held on an open plain. The new university reminds one of the Rockefeller Centre in New York, and at night the whole city suggests America, strangely stripped of bars and advertisements. How comforting, in memory, is neon lighting, symbol of salesmanship and hence of ingratiation! By day the great impersonal squares unfold; there must be six open places in Moscow where the Battle of Waterloo could be fought without breaking a single window. All colour and drama are indoors—except for St. Basil's Cathedral which is Brighton Pavilion in warpaint—and as far as I can see the only thing in Moscow which wears makeup. The squares surge with purposeful, apple-cheeked faces, conversing in condensed steam, and there are hundreds of Chinese faces, many of them belonging to Chinese.

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Kenneth Tynan is one of a team of expert writers who contribute each week to

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ourselves against them. . . . This restlessness is most valuable and had its most successful consequences wherever dealing with *things* is involved, in technology and invention, in productivity, in the ability to meet needs and provide comforts. . . . But in dealing with human beings and institutions, in matters of morals and politics, the limits of this undying, absolutistic restlessness quickly become evident.

In the course of developing this thesis, Professor Hofstadter is able to show how the history of modern American reform movements has an ambiguous character: they did much that was good and necessary, but they also set in motion energies that were anything but benign. The fact that a good part of the Populist movement ended up in Senator McCarthy's camp indicates that the "restlessness" that the American *mystique* may generate can easily be transmuted into a superstitious anxiety which sees the world as governed by nefarious conspiracies and which, in a frenzy of frustration, then aims to achieve a wholly unnatural and artificial stability. Americans are a truly restless people, but it has been the saving of American society that they are not all restless, all the time: a *perpetuum mobile* has its appeal to the imagination (especially the academic imagination), but it is something other than a civil order in which men can live. In a sense, Professor Hofstadter's book is a specific reaction to McCarthyism, for it is this recent unpleasantness that has stimulated the American liberal mind to a recognition that American liberties could be threatened by an agitated populace and preserved by "hide-bound" institutions.

America has its mysteries, as do other countries. These mysteries are not to be explained in European terms, any more than European mysteries can be explained in American terms (as many Americans seem to think). America also has its *mystique*, as have other countries. But to conceive American reality in terms of this *mystique* makes as much sense as conceiving of French reality in terms of "the French mission"—a confusion which both Frenchmen and Americans engage in, however, with disastrous results.

Irving Kristol

IN STARS OR IN OURSELVES?

WHAT causes a poet to influence his contemporaries or his juniors? Is it merit? Or originality? Or oddness? Or has it little to do with the poet's own productions? Is it one more manifestation of these secret activities which can be removed from the field of individual decision by the eternal alibi of the *Zeitgeist*?

These questions are raised by a reading of the verse of two very fine poets who both published a good deal during the thirties and who are therefore old enough for it to be possible that their work should affect those who are only beginning to write or to publish. Of the two, Mr. William Empson* has found himself the unwilling headmaster of a whole school of promising or accomplished young versifiers, while the other, Mr. F. T. Prince,* is appreciated by no more than a small, though distinguished, section of the poetry-reading public.

Mr. Empson's influence is partly accounted for by the fact that he is one of the greatest of contemporary critics; and there is a singularly close connection between his critical prose and his creative activity. Some of his poems could almost be taken as carefully designed illustrations of critical principles. He has also been able to draw attention to the merits (and perhaps to over-estimate them) of those metaphysical poets, like Donne and Marvell, who provide the chief sources of his own technical repertoire. In this indirect way

* *Collected Poems*. By WILLIAM EMPSON. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

* *Poems*. By F. T. PRINCE. Faber. 5s.
Soldiers Bathing. By F. T. PRINCE. Fortune Press. 8s. 6d.

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it can even be said that he has reached through to poets like Mr. Prince himself who derive much of their apparatus from the group of writers whom Milton labelled, and not so unjustly as is generally supposed, The Fantasticks.

The most influential of Mr. Empson's theories has been that of poetic ambiguity. This was perhaps first adumbrated by Dante in the *Convivio* where he says that all poems contain at least three levels of meaning. As expounded by Empson it leads to a great increase in our understanding of the poetic ironies inherent in such diverse works as Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseyde* and Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. In the hands of some of his admirers, however, it degenerates into the dictum that the pun, which is the basis of most bad jokes, is also the fundamental element in all poetic creation. It entirely ignores the fact that the very greatest poetry is usually singularly unambiguous in its sweeping assertions of the greatest and simplest human values.

This omission is important to the consideration of Mr. Empson's poems as poems. Snarled up in all sorts of trickery, with an adolescent lack of economy in the choice of images, they very seldom reach through to that passionate clarity which is the distinguishing feature of a major poet. Perhaps one should invert the statement and say that, in spite of all their pointless extravagance, they sometimes do search out that bitter kernel in the middle of the mush of our experience. Certainly there are lines of the most austere magnificence, like:

Flame far too hot not to see utter cold
And hide a tumult never to be told.

or:

I can so love for truth, as still for grace,
Your humility that will not hear or care.

or:

The more things happen to you the more you can't
Tell or remember even what they were.

To one reader, however, there does not seem to be a single poem which is entirely perfected, where we have "a finish worthy of the start" or a start worthy of the finish. The last two lines to be quoted come, for example, from a six-line poem which contain six of the fourteen lines which the poet has written in the past sixteen years (apart from a small and rather embarrassing Masque on *The Birth of Steel* which was performed on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Sheffield), and this small poem, which contains five magnificent lines, begins:

It is this deep blankness is the real thing strange.

That one grotesque distortion of normal syntax is almost enough to cudgel the poor poem to death. That it should be followed by the limpid but powerful exactitude of the following four sentences is scarcely credible.

But although Mr. Empson's syntax is often very odd and sometimes downright wrong, it is his use of images and his choice of verse forms which have most affected the younger generation of his admirers. His commonest verse forms are the very formal, though often involuted, stanzas of the villanelle, *terza rima*, or the quatrain. Apart from a very few exceptional instances, like the conversational *Ignorance of Death*, there is a kind of bus-stop at the end of each line where certain meanings are allowed to alight while others are brought aboard in preparation for the journey along the next line. This technique hardly makes for the kind of metrical fluency which we find in such a poet as Mr. Prince, who seems to take the entire poem rather than the single line as his rhythmic unit—except in those poems where he himself is most influenced by the 17th century metaphysicals.

As for images, Mr. Empson's are scholarly, scientific, and very numerous. This, combined with the metrical uniformity of the lines, tends to give his worst work a superficial semblance to the worst of a very different, though equally influential, writer: the late Dylan Thomas.

Pillowed on gulfs between exiguous bobbins
The Son of Spiders, crucified to lace,
Suspends a red rag to a thousand dobbins
And sails so powered to a better place.
All his gained ports, thought's inter-reached trapeze,
Map-sail, transport him towards Hercules.

That stanza could almost have been written by either poet, only Thomas would not have furnished us with a complete explanation of the intended inter-relations between the images as Mr. Empson has done in his ex-

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tensive notes at the back of the little volume of verse which form his *Collected Poems*.

THIS unexpected resemblance tends to put us back in the hands of the *Zeitgeist* in our venture towards an understanding of the nature of poetic influence. The present moment would seem to demand a poetry of fine lines, of complicated images, of metrical simplicity. Or is that moment already past and is it possible that a complex metre, relatively simple but much better balanced imagery, and completely integrated poems that deny themselves the advantages of the purple line, are already uniting to form the type of poetry in our time? If so, Mr. Prince can expect to come into his own.

He has published two books of verse so that his output of poetry is scarcely larger than that of Mr. Empson. In these books he has not made any attempt to tackle some of the problems that his senior has faced unflinchingly. The difficulty of keeping poetry abreast with scientific and technological discoveries is one important issue which Mr. Empson has tried to solve and which Mr. Prince merely avoids. But the great critic sometimes appears to use his images, derived from mathematics and physics, because he is quite correctly certain that poetry must absorb them or perish in the attempt rather than because, as a great poet, he is compelled to use them in order to perfect and make articulate a particular part of man's moral nature. He wears these images as though they were the bars of his cage rather than the stripes of his own skin, a wild but living tiger. In Mr. Prince's work, on the other hand, whatever images are present form part of the organic, the living, entity which is what he has to say as well as what he is making.

This is why we find that the crises and resolutions of Mr. Prince's poems can never be isolated or reduced to the limits of a single line. In *Soldiers Bathing*, for example, the images drawn from Michelangelo's cartoon and Pollaiuolo's painting are, in their different way, every bit as recondite as those of Mr. Empson. The difference is that they are worked out in greater detail and the relevance of their presence to the spiritual content of the poem is made explicit. Thus, when we come to a direct statement of this content, it does not strike us as a surprise but, to use a term from Goethe, as an "inevitable" revelation.

And even we must know, what nobody has understood,
That some great love is over all we do,
And that is what has driven us to this fury, for so few
Can suffer all the terror of that love:
The terror of that love has set us spinning in this groove
Greased with our blood.

That poem comes from Mr. Prince's more recent book and it must be confessed that there is nothing in that volume which equals it. He seems in his love poems to have been seduced by the blandishments of metaphysical poetry rather than by those of his mistress, while two long dramatic monologues fail, in spite of their great accomplishment, to achieve the complex unity of mood, persona, and treatment, which made some poems from his earlier verse—*Words from Edmund Burke* and *An Epistle to a Patron*, for example—appear to many readers to be among the most considerable technical achievements of the thirties.

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And that is the point. The techniques of Mr. Prince differ greatly from those of Mr. Empson. They may be more or they may be less valuable as instruments towards the creation of good poems, but they are certainly such as no other living poet employs and they are used by their innovator with a superb degree of assurance. Surely it is not too much to expect that at least some of our younger writers should study them with the same assiduity as they have studied Mr. Empson's? It might well be argued that even the great metaphysical writers, Donne, Marvell, Vaughan, etc., do not lie firmly in the mainstream of the English tradition and that only by a reaction against them can our language be returned to its proper forms and territories. If this were so, then some of the poems of Mr. Prince would undoubtedly serve as a better model than any of Mr. Empson's. But such decisions are probably, as has already been hinted, in the hands of the *Zeitgeist.*

Burns Singer

EXORCISING THE PAST

HISTORY in the last decade or so has begun to take the place of science for a large section of what is known as the "general reading public," or, for that matter, the general viewing public. Popular thirst for knowledge has always an element of magic in an age when folk-magic has largely disappeared. The unknown is mysterious, wonderful; it is the job of the expert, as it once was of the priest, to dispel the magic dangers of the unknown, but he does so, not by exorcism, but by facts. This combination of the magical unknown and exorcism by fact was at one time performed for the public by the traveller's tales of far-off lands. But geographical discovery has encompassed the earth. Then came popular science with the magic of the universe and the simple scientific facts to dispel our fears of space. Since Einstein's days, however, the scientist's exorcisms have required a mathematical and philosophical comprehension too great for the general reader. Disillusioned with space and the future, he has turned to time past. Archæology, of course, with its almost animistic revelation of the magic world beneath our very feet, has the highest appeal. History of the documented period, however, runs archæology close in public favour. If we cannot face the present or the future, at least we can exorcise the magic of the past.

Dr. Rowse's *The Expansion of Elizabethan England** seems peculiarly suited to this demand. His subject is one of the most magical in history—the attitude of a "new," a "modern" compact state, Elizabethan England, to the little-known, mysterious Celtic fringes that surrounded it and to the wider, newly discovered lands in America and Asia. It is our own fascination with the unknown mirrored in the attitude of a past age. Dr. Rowse's style and competent assembly of facts would make him seem peculiarly suited to exorcise magic; unfortunately the peculiar temper of his outlook on life makes him most unsuited for conveying wonder or magic of any kind whatsoever. His is a strong and hard-working intellect that is able to assemble and shape a vast mass of factual material into good narrative as few historians today can; but because of his idiosyncratic personality the narrative which he presents fails maddeningly except in one or two chapters of this large book, to penetrate below the surface story to the thoughts and dreams of the Elizabethan world.

BEFORE discussing Dr. Rowse's views on Elizabethan expansion, it is necessary then to describe his general outlook as it is reflected in this book. In the preface he says with characteristic "disarming frankness" that his attitude is openly anti-sectarian and rationalist, on the side of the "politiques," the moderates, and the sceptics. At a time when dogmatic belief has brought such

* *The Expansion of Elizabethan England.* By A. L. ROWSE. Macmillan. 30s.

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dangers to civilisation, he will not hesitate to extend his hatred of dogma to history. "In that sense," he says, "this book is a contemporary book and consciously reflects the contemporary situation." He then adds, "though a rational attitude may be an unfashionable one just now, I cannot complain of the response of the *public* to what I write." By "fashionable" I think it would not be unfair to say that Dr. Rowse means "fashionable in the intellectual world." He is at one from the start with the moderate men of good sense, healthy worldliness, wise statesmanship, and robust *joie de vivre* against the intellectuals and visionaries, the ascetics, mystics, and dangerous enthusiasts. It is Queen Elizabeth, wise old Lord Burleigh, cunning Robert Cecil, Polonius, and Dr. Rowse against the rest. The loyal populace, the "public" of his preface, with their instinctive good sense, know which side to applaud.

If it were only a question of Dr. Rowse bringing contemporary judgment to bear on the past, it would be a welcome change. Historians, especially academic historians, have too long asserted that it is heresy to assess the past except by its own standards. A return to the more courageous attitude of 19th century historians is overdue. If it were only a question of Dr. Rowse's contemporary judgment being a rationalist one, this would be even more welcome, for such dogmatic history as *is* now written is too often Roman Catholic. But Dr. Rowse's attitude to life which I have outlined is not "rationalist" in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a sort of defensive, self-conscious intellectual Philistinism, which held as a pose may be irritating, but held sincerely, as Dr. Rowse holds it, can only make for shallowness and vulgarisation. It creates a hearty, knock-down, worldly conformity whose mental tyranny can be as great as that of the "darkest," most bigoted visionary. And so, in great part, it proves in this book.

CIVILISATION, as far as England was concerned, of course, did largely lie with the politiques, with Elizabeth and with Burleigh. It is impossible, I think, for any humanist to read of the defeat of the Armada —beautifully told here by Dr. Rowse—without a sigh of relief. Strength, power, and ultimately success came, it is true, from that combination of courage, temporising, pennywise efficiency and hard work which is epitomised in the great Queen's character. She had also a pleasing dislike of waste of British lives that contrasts with Continental prodigality in human sacrifice. In all this we can be on the side of Dr. Rowse and progress. But there is a danger surely of carrying this too far. The resulting picture is a curious combination of the 16th century and the modern world. Here are Philip II and Parsons and the other Jesuits and the Puritan sectaries living in a dark distant age; while Elizabeth and the Cecils, Raleigh and Drake of all people are bathed in a modern light. The picture, though often brilliantly executed, is out of perspective. Even Montaigne, whose moderation and scepticism Dr. Rowse quotes often with approval, comes out of the religious temper of his age. The trouble is that we may make our modern humane judgment of the 16th century as Dr. Rowse does, indeed it may well be salutary to do so; but we must surely not allow it to percolate into our picture of that age. Again it would be well to make it once for all and have done, but Dr. Rowse is for ever interrupting his narrative with little "cracks"—"Living is more important than logic"; "This was the kind of thing they were killing each other over abroad: the sort of nonsense people are so certain about when they are less certain about the multiplication table"; "The Elizabethans were less interested in the education of the less educable"; "Then came the English Civil War which ought never to have taken place"; "Humans take their absurd convictions too seriously." All these aphorisms occur within a few pages, but similar "cracks" persist throughout the book, breaking up and destroying the narrative and ultimately preventing Dr. Rowse from giving any total picture of the age.

Nevertheless, certain parts of the book are magnificent pieces of narrative writing. This is particularly true of the chapters on the Scots border, Wales, and Ireland. Dr. Rowse has a deep feeling for British topography and the oddities of British character. Faced with the new Elizabethan fortifications at Berwick or the town house of Robert Wynne at Conway, with Katherine of Berain, the Welsh Bess of Hardwicke, or with the extraordinary Irish leader Tyrone, Dr. Rowse's imagination is so awakened that his defensive dogmatism vanishes. These chapters are some of the

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finest pieces of narrative history I have read—an extraordinary, rounded picture of 16th century provincial life and Tudor administration. The accounts of the voyages of discovery and of American colonisation are less original and, being less unified in themselves, the author's constant intrusion of his personality is all the more irritating.

Angus Wilson

MATTERS OF OPINION

"So let her think opinions are accursed" prayed Yeats for his daughter: it is a good prayer for the novelist also. Let his characters opinionate themselves to extinction; he must remain unswayed. He may, he must, have emotion, sympathy, compassion, senses of morality, order, fitness; but he must not have opinions, in the sense of committing himself to political party, literary school, or religious creed. If he does so, he may become perhaps a "better" man, certainly a better pamphleteer; but for better or worse he forfeits the title of true novelist—his faiths and theories begin to direct the action instead of its arising naturally out of the interplay of character; either his persons degenerate into mere constants in a too perfectly balanced algebraical equation, or, by manifesting a little of that lively independence that marks the creations of the true novelist, they grow hopelessly at odds with the opinion-illustrating actions to which their creator compels them. Thus it is that Mr. Graham Greene's Catholicism has tended to worry most dedicated novel-readers, while Mr. Evelyn Waugh's has not. Mr. Waugh's opinions create, or perhaps rather hint, a climate, an *ambience*; but they never direct the action. Whereas with Mr. Greene we know that Pinkie must do this or Scobie do that, so that God's equation shall come out. Perhaps Mr. Greene himself, who is far too accomplished and subtle a technician to have overlooked an elementary hazard of this nature, has come to the same conclusion. For *The Quiet American*,* his first novel since 1951, is not a "Catholic novel" at all; it is of course, from internal evidence, a novel written by a Catholic, but that is not the same thing.

The theme is Henry James's old one of the innocent American at large, crossed with Mr. Greene's old one of the white man in the dark man's land. Alden Pyle is a typical upper-crust Bostonian, well-mannered, painfully well-meaning, honest, sensitive, crude; his mind is full of political theories (Liberty, Democracy, *et tout ça*) that don't match up to physical facts—for he is stationed in Indo-China where he entirely fails to understand either the subtle, hungry, untruthful Annamese world to which he is supposed to be administering Economic Aid, or the cynical mature Western-European mind of the narrator, Fowler. He falls in love in a wide-eyed, idealistic way with Fowler's mistress, Phuong, and proposes to rescue her, by honourable American marriage, from the state to which he supposes she has fallen; he falls in political love with a worthless generalissimo and advances him Economic Aid of a highly dubious nature. "I never knew a man," says Fowler, "who had better motives for all the trouble he caused."

Alden Pyle is a brilliant character-study, though perhaps not a deeply penetrating one. About Fowler the reader may have more doubts: he is the typical "godless man" of the Catholic writer who is trying to be fair, trying to show that, although himself "engaged," he is nevertheless ready to see the point of view of the other fellow. Mr. Greene paints him as fond of opium, fond of sex; but the passages in which these fondnesses are displayed, hardly ring true. Mr. Greene, one feels, abominates opium; and he is a writer in whose previous works the association of sex with every kind of distasteful image has become a sort of nervous tic. This lack of essential sympathy with his narrator demands of a novelist the kind of *tour-de-force* which Mr. Greene has sometimes produced elsewhere, but not (I feel) on this occasion. Nevertheless, in spite of falling into

* *The Quiet American*. By GRAHAM GREENE. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

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a no-man's-land between thriller and psychological novel, *The Quiet American* is an eminently readable and (if one may sound so absurd) *promising* novel; for it gives every indication that Mr. Greene is entering on a new phase and will give us books quite unlike any of his previous writings.

TRY to imagine a novel poised *exactly* half-way between the Catholicisms of Mr. Greene and of Ronald Firbank—a book full of Firbank characters with Greene souls, of Greene situations Firbankishly described! It could only be a bad parody of both, which is precisely what Mr. Dunstan Thompson's first novel, *The Dove with the Bough of Olive*,* is. Yet it is by no means a bad book. In spite of the absurd cast—"London's most cultivated hostess," "England's leading poet," "Britain's most powerful publisher," the American Ambassador, Monsignor "Rob Roy" Royford, Prince Oglowski, and the appalling pansy peerling who calls himself "Danny Boy" and his mother "Kitty Kat" —and whose dramatic reinduction to the Catholic sheepfold when spreadeagled eight floors up on a hotel-bedroom awning constitutes what one might call the crux of the work; in spite of the drastic lack of similarity of any of these characters to their real-life counterparts ("England's leading poet," for instance, to what we may know or guess of Mr. T. S. Eliot): nevertheless the book has a sort of macabre integrity that lifts it out of the class of the negligible. Mr. Thompson tends to parade the freedom to "blaspheme" that the good Catholic likes to think of as the corollary to his unshakable dogmatic foundations; as usual the result is sometimes genuinely funny but more often rather drearily *un*shocking, or simply in bad taste on any showing—all these hearty side-splitters about novena's, confessionals, extreme unction. . . . And then, of course, at the end of it, the demonstration that the jester is, in extremity, a lion for courage, a dragon for faith! But for all that *The Dove with the Bough of Olive* is a remarkable first novel and deserves to be treasured as, at any rate, an *œuvre curieuse*.

English Catholics are, of course, members of an offensive-defensive minority. To find a

* *The Dove with the Bough of Olive*. By DUNSTAN THOMPSON. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

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book that is purely Catholic (that is to say, not merely *pro*-Catholic, anti-Protestant), we have to turn to countries where Rome is not the exception but the rule. Such a book is *The Infant with the Globe** by Alarcón, translated by Mr. Robert Graves. Pedro Antonio de Alarcón was born in the deep Spanish south in 1833; he wrote the novel *The Three-Cornered Hat*, on which the ballet is based, but apart from that this is the first of his works to appear in English. It will appeal to those who are sick of subtleties. The characterisation is objective and concrete and conducted in terms of such good plain absolutes as Fear, Guilt, Anger, and Passion. It is a story of violent romantic love, and one in which, as Mr. Graves remarks in his exemplary introduction, "the author has for once not played the reader false at the close, but has come absolutely clean"—by which it is to be understood that the destined lovers perish bloodily in each other's arms. Yet it is only a part of the author's mind that accepts the romantic view of life; with another part he mocks it (another version of this typically Spanish ambivalence may be seen at work in Cervantes), and he deliberately over-accentuates the romantic traits of hero and heroine in order to make them almost, though never quite, ridiculous. At the same time it is an intensely aristocratic book: as in any old Arthurian romance, it is only the anciently-born or the priesthood who are capable of noble passions, and the mob are greedy, free-thinking, treacherous, and ugly. It will also appeal, therefore, to those who are sick of the Little Man. Alarcón is not (I think) a novelist of major importance—he is not to be compared to that other recent Iberian discovery Eça de Queiroz: but Mr. Graves has not been wasting his time.

The Primrose Path,* by Mr. Peter Forster, is another striking first novel. Chelsea-dwellers will find this the contemporariest novel yet. It is a sort of Rake's Progress in which Mr. Primrose, the standard young Chelsea-man in the City (bowler, duffle-coat, rolled umbrella, mistress with horse-tail, Grandpa in Kent) gets a little off-perched by grand passion and thence by a series of ingenious declines to the everlasting bonfire. The background is horridly well done, and anyone who has ever got within snarling-distance of a London literary *coterie* will admire and shudder; he will also probably make a silent vow never to do certain things, never to say certain things, again. Mr. Forster shows remarkable balance and control for a "first novelist"; where he fails (it seems to me) is in compassion. It is all very well to play the Dynast and (to mis-paraphrase Lear) kick your characters around like flies: but the part demands a certain stature. Thackeray (for instance) had that stature; but the younger novelist is apt, when clapping on Jove's great curly beard, to find himself too stumpy and trip headlong over the ends of it. Mr. Forster is, in fact, a deal too knowing: it is to be hoped that in his second novel (which I shall eagerly await) he will sneer at his characters a little less, weep with them a little more.

In *Ripening Seed*,† Mr. Roger Senhouse

* *The Infant with the Globe.* By ALARCÓN. Faber (Trianon Press). 15s.

* *The Primrose Path.* By PETER FORSTER. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

† *Ripening Seed.* By COLETTE. Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.

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has translated Colette's *Le Blé en Herbe*. The title (which is surely appalling?) is the only unsatisfactory thing about it: Colette, the quintessence of Frenchness, is desperately difficult to translate, but Mr. Senhouse's version seems to me to come as close as is possible to this, surely the most ravishing and lyrical of chronicles of first love.

Hilary Corke

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. ROBERT

ONE of the books I most often borrow from the London Library (because I can't buy a copy anywhere) is Robert Graves's original essay in literary criticism, called *On English Poetry*. This book, which contains more valuable remarks for poets about poetry than may easily be found outside the letters of John Keats, was written before Eliot published *The Waste Land*, Pound the *Cantos*, Yeats his later poems; when Auden was a schoolboy, and Dylan Thomas mitching in Cwmdonkin Park; and long before Mr. Graves himself had submitted to his riding obsession of a White Goddess, or begun to rewrite ancient history and the books of the New Testament. Were it not for the sixteen poems at the end of my review copy of Mr. Graves's Clark Lectures,* I would be perfectly willing to exchange it for his earlier volume: because I feel more interested in the ideas of a poet about poetry than I do in the ideas of a poet about the behaviour of poets. And, anyway, the sort of moral argument that Mr. Graves pursues in his Clark Lectures—that, for instance, Pope could not have been a poet because he blackmailed people and wore a wig ("English poets do not wear wigs; they wear their own hair") or that Tennyson wasn't one because of Arthur Hallam ("a Muse does not wear whiskers")—was sabotaged by Mr. Graves himself in a single sentence of his earlier book:

> "For a complete identification of successful art with morality I always remember with appreciation what an Irishman, a complete stranger, once said to my father on hearing that he was the author of the song 'Father O'Flynn'—'Ye behaved well, sir, when ye wrote that one.' "

However well or badly Alexander Pope may have behaved when he wrote his *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, or Alfred Tennyson when he composed *The Two Voices*, one fears that Mr. Graves wasn't being very good when he wrote the Clark Lectures. His opening lecture announces their general topic: professional standards in English poetry. When, having read the book, one discovers that the only English poets who consistently conformed to professional standards are Chaucer, Skelton, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Swift, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Smart, John Clare, W. H. Davies, Norman Cameron, Siegfried Sassoon, and James Reeves, one cannot be blamed for wondering what these standards have to do with the existence of English poetry. For in spite of their unpoetic behaviour, slipshod verses, and unprofessional conduct, Spenser, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Blake, Tennyson, Hopkins, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Auden, and Dylan Thomas seem to make a somewhat formidable B team. And when you come to examine these professional standards of Mr. Graves you find that what he is really advocating (though I am sure he doesn't mean to) is just that sort of amateurish dilettante attitude to poetry that he hates and which is nowadays making it a recreation among university lecturers. Mr. Graves asserts that poets shouldn't belong to political bodies, societies, or churches; that they should respect women; and that they ought not to attack one another. This is harmless enough, but irrelevant, because whatever Mr. Graves (who can be an ostrich with the best of us whenever it suits his book) may like to affirm, there have been and there are poets who obey none of these rules. But when he goes on to lay it down that a poet may not try to live by his vocation, but must earn his bread at some secondary job, why,

* *The Crowning Privilege* (The Clark Lectures 1954–55). By ROBERT GRAVES. Cassell. 15s.

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then, I have to accuse him of subscribing, ultimately, to the contemporary heresy that poetry is a part-time occupation, in other words a gentlemanly accomplishment. For what it boils down to is that the poet is supposed to sell five days out of every seven in order to support himself—the Muse can call at weekends, and any bonus accruing from her visits may be spent on collecting Georgian silver (Mr. Graves's recommendation). One can forecast that the application of this particular professional standard is likely to result in a number of very fine accumulations of silverware; but few poems.

In the *New Statesman* Mr. William Empson has already disposed, among other things, of Mr. Graves's criticisms concerning the versification of Alexander Pope. I wish he had also dealt with his wrongheadedness about poor old Wordsworth, who apparently once took the trouble to write, in answer to a query from one of Mr. Graves's ancestors, a long detailed letter advising him where to go and what to see in Switzerland. The grateful descendant of the recipient of this letter has had a lot of fun ragging Wordsworth about it in Wordsworth's old university, quoting passages from it in juxtaposition to the worst bits of verse he could find in the poet's *Memorials of a Tour to the Continent in 1820*. However, it is only fair to let Wordsworth reply: there is among them one poem which Mr. Graves didn't quote from, either because it is consistently excellent or, as I believe, because its last stanza might well have been directed at Mr. Graves's particular preoccupation with White Goddesses and matriarchy and human sacrifice and myths and rituals generally. The poem is called *Processions*, and Wordsworth has been visualising and meditating upon religious rituals past and present. Here is the stanza:

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

David Wright

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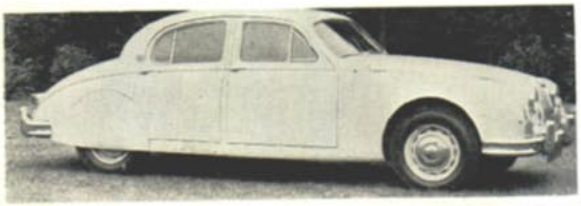
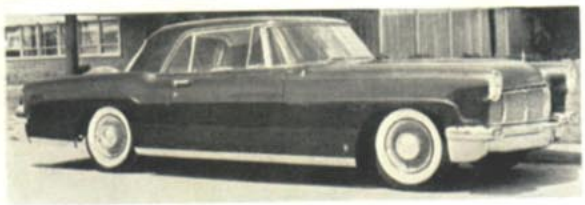


JAGUAR 2·4-litre Saloon, 1955
A synthesis of features that stand for dignity and performance. The effect is insipid

FIG. 1

JAGUAR XK 140. Fixed Head Coupé
One of the fastest production cars in the world

FIG. 2



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL MARK II, 1955
"Designed exclusively for low-volume, high-quality production . . . 'modern formal' styling emphasises the functional use of chrome. . . ." In other words, Borax in reverse

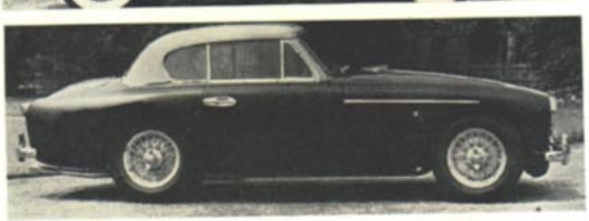
FIG. 3

FORD (ENGLAND) ZEPHYR SIX
The slab-sided form

FIG. 4.

SUNBEAM RAPIER, 1955
The jet-fighter treatment of slab-sides

FIG. 5



ASTON-MARTIN DB 2–4 MARK II
Slab sides on a high-performance sports car. Compare with Fig. 2

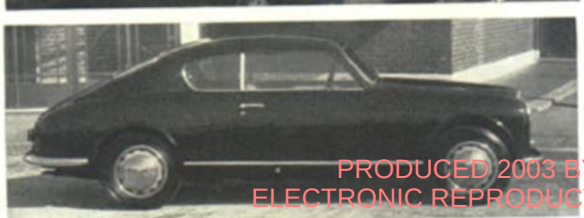
FIG. 6

DS19 CITROËN, 1955
First new 2-litre model from Citroëns since 1934, this extraordinary shape is likely to be with us for another twenty years.

FIG. 7

BRISTOL 405 2-litre Saloon
Technically one of the best cars in the world; visually, in decline

FIG. 8



LANCIA AURELIA GRAN TURISMO
The Aurelia has had a wide influence on European sports coupés since its first appearance some five years ago

FIG. 9

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FIG. 10 MG 'MGA' 1½ litre. 1955 MG's first all-streamlined production car FIG. 11

FIG. 12 SIMCA 'Régence,' 'Versailles' and 'Trianon' models—with models

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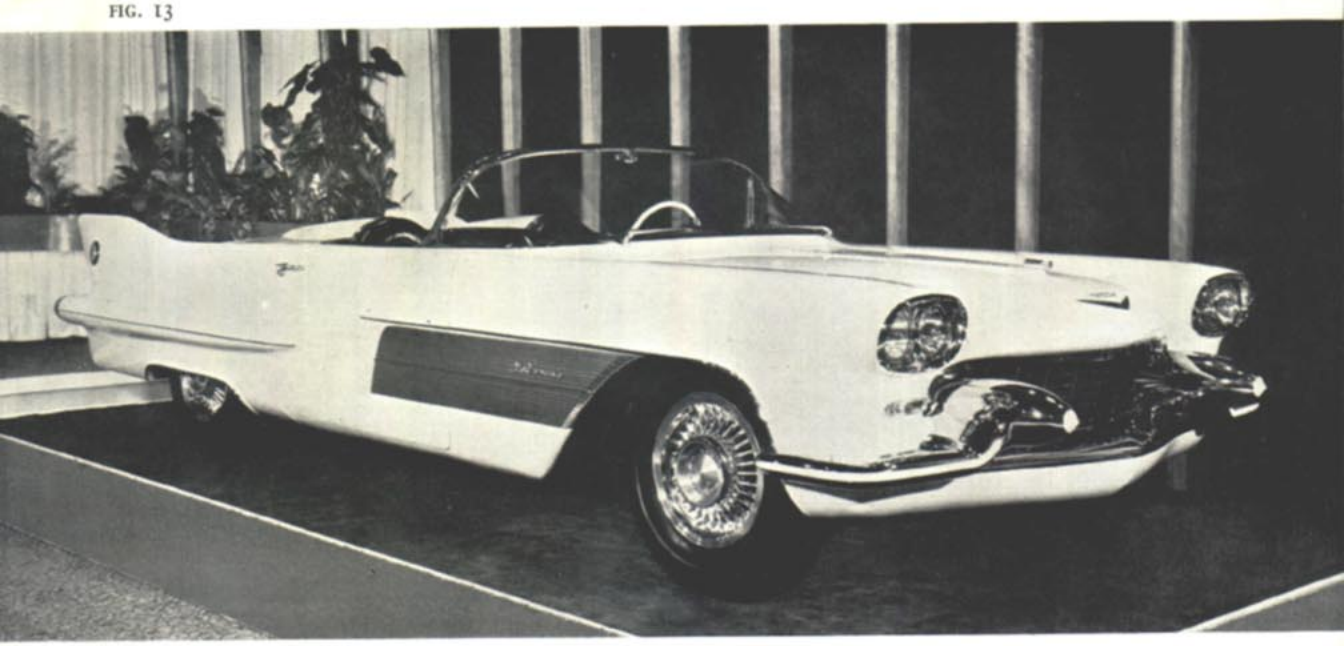
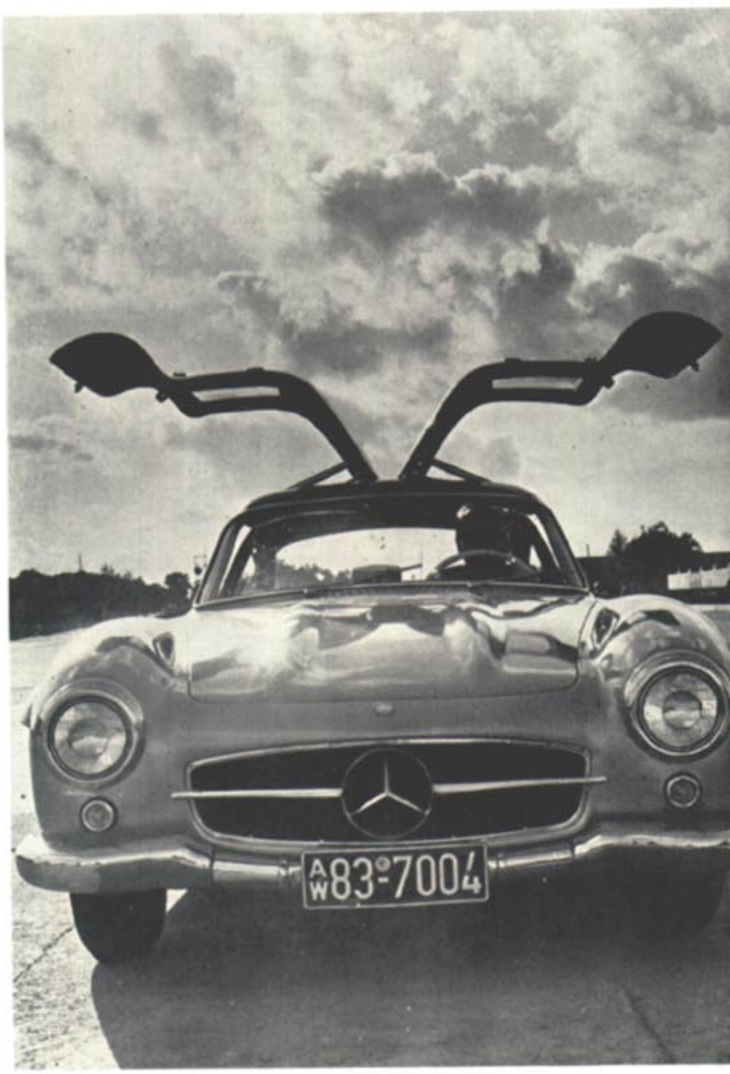
FIG. 13



CADILLAC V8, 270 b.h.p. 'LA ESPARDA' Convertible. The 1955 Experimental



MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SL, 2,996 c.c. 6-cylinder. 240 b.h.p. at 6,100 r.p.m.

FIG. 14

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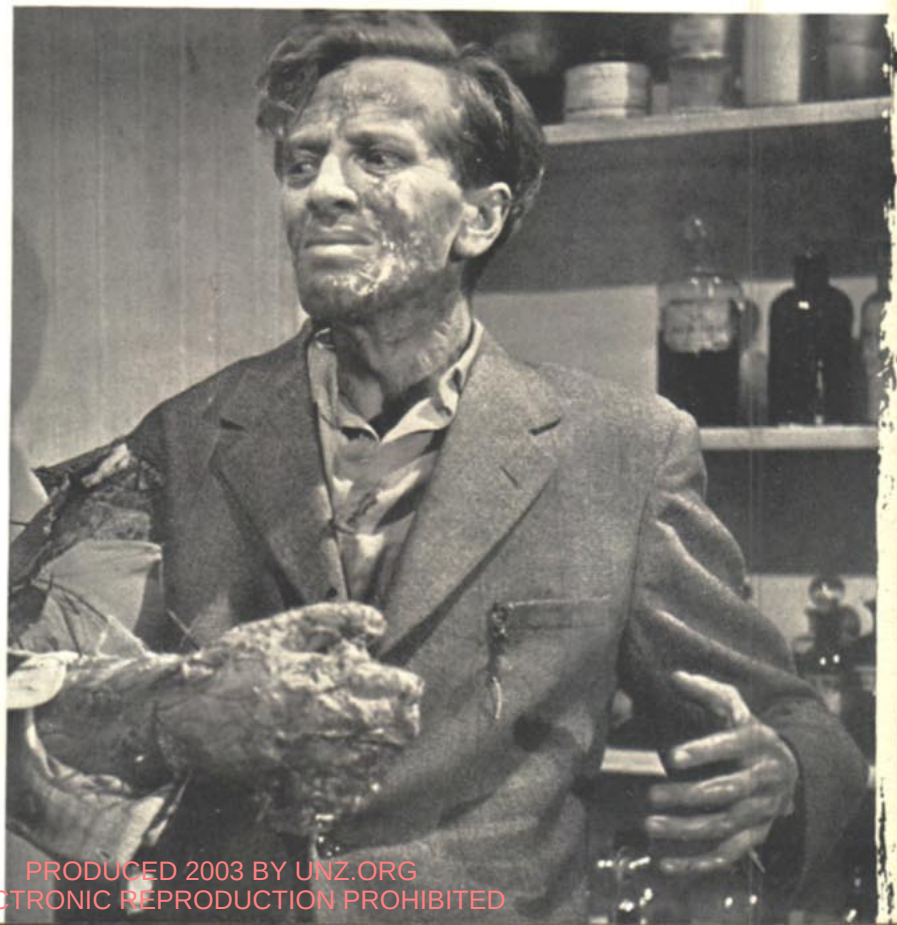
THE

QUATERMASS

XPERIMENT



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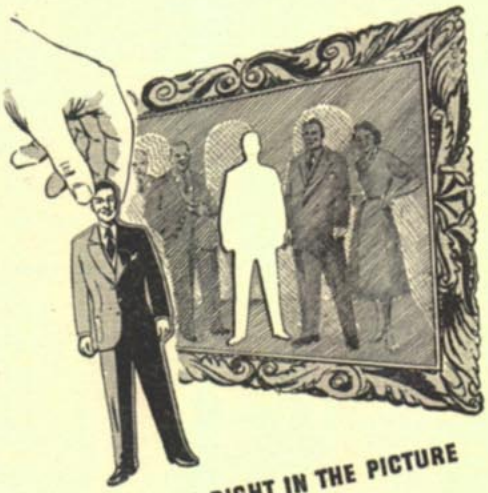

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